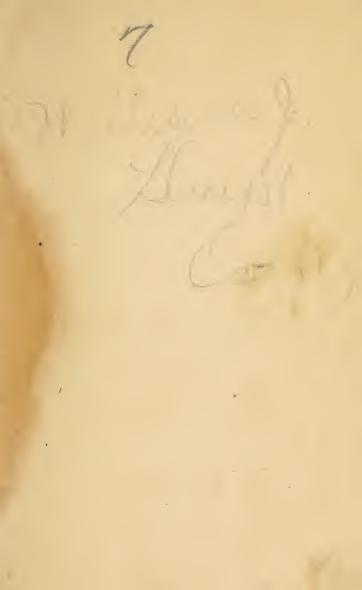




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POEMS

BY

"Eva," of "The Nation."

FIRST EDITION.

REVISED AND CORRECTED BY THE AUTHOR.

SAN FRANCISCO:
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TO

THE MEMORY

OF

JOHN MITCHEL AND JOHN MARTIN,

"FELONS" OF '48,

THESE POEMS

(Associated with the cause for which they suffered),

Are dedicated by their friend and compatriot,

EVA.

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PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

THE poems contained in this volume, which are now for the first time published in a collected form, were originally contributed to the pages of the Dublin Nation and other national journals. As they appeared chiefly during the years 1846, '47 and '48, with the exception of those few which were written in another country and under different circumstances at a later period, they may be regarded as portions of the history of one of the most remarkable episodes in the life of the Irish nation. They relate to that heroic but ill-fated struggle for the vindication of Ireland's right to all the liberties and prerogatives of a free country, which was developed during these years and which culminated in the imprisonment and exile of the popular leaders and in the disarmament and repression of the Irish peasantry. The poems vary in character, in tone, in sentiment; they run through the varied scale that separates joy from sorrow. In that they resemble the moods and dispositions of the race amid which they were written and sung. They are, in short, the expression of the writer's intense sympathy with the national movement for freedom, the natural and irrepressible outcome of her hopes and griefs as called forth by the varying fortunes of her country's sacred cause. Although well nigh the lifetime of a generation has passed away since these poems first appeared, it has been thought by the publisher that they cannot have lost all interest, not alone for the Irish people in whose behalf they were penned, but for all those who can sympathize with a down-trodden race, and who feel their bosoms animated with the holy love of liberty. An Irish poet asks:

"Who fears to speak of '98?
Who blushes at the name?
When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
Who hangs his head for shame?"

And, certainly, if it be craven to blush for the wild and daring "rising" of 1798, it is at least equal unmanliness to sheer at the movement of 1848. It failed, of course, for, in the forlorn situation of the Irish masses at that time, success was, humanly speaking, impossible. It was not the first time in history, as we fear it will not be the last, when the mailed hand of despotism could smite to the earth a struggling people and perpetuate a tyranny. From a military point of view, therefore, the revolutionary movement was abortive-that must be confessed; but, as the protest of a nation against alien misgovernment, as a proud declaration of unflinching allegiance to the cause of liberty, it was most impressive and most successful. The world will long admire the vigor of the orators of '48, the commingled fire and pathos of the poets of '48, and the fidelity and self-sacrifice of the people's leaders; for these are the hings that can redeem a "lost cause" from oblivion and make it immortal. Although the collection is, in the main, a republication, the book comains many pieces of

high merit which were never before printed, and which, the publisher feels sure, will make the volume still more acceptable. Indeed, the very first poem in the collection, "A Chant to Our Beloved Dead," is a new one. The poems of "Eva" should need little introduction men of Irish blood, either here or in the old land. is a grand old Celtic boast that they never forget those who devote the heavenly gift of genius to the vindication of their name and fame or to the regaining of their lost independence; and the publisher has every confidence that his countrymen still cherish grateful and affectionate remembrances of "Eva's" devotion to the cause of their fatherland. He is, indeed, satisfied that they will hail the appearance of this volume, modest and unpretentious as it is, with a cordial greeting, and extend to it a genuine cead mille failthe. He believes that, under God's divine providence, the slavery of Ireland cannot be perpetual; he believes in the ultimate triumph of the cause sanctified by the sacrifices of O'Brien, Mitchel, Martin and Meagher, and hallowed by the poetic genius of Davis, Williams, "Eva," "Speranza," and so many others. the hope that this volume may serve in some degree to preserve the faith in Irish freedom he presents it to the public and to his fellow-countrymen, praying that the day may soon come when, as God's bright sun climbs the green hill-tops of Ireland, it will light up the homes and beam upon the altars of a free people.





CHANT

TO OUR BELOVED DEAD.

Ι.

O YE dead! ye well-beloved dead,
Great souls, fond hearts that once were linked with
mine,

Athwart the gulf that yawns between us, dread,
I fling the longings that invite a sign,
A faint, faint shadow of your darling presence—
A plaintive echo of your voices low,
Some little gleam, some whispered word that lessens
The awful silence that the parted know.

II.

O ye dead! ye wild-lamented dead,
Who draw me onward by the links of pain
To that strange, neutral ground, o'ershadowéd
Between two worlds that yet apart remain,
Is there no might in sorrow wildly yearning?
Is there no magic in the strong "I will"—
In love that, ever throbbing, ever burning,
Keeps lonely watch upon that pathway still?

III.

O ye dead! ye silent, shapeless dead, Who will not—cannot force that granite wall, Behind whose shade, impalpable and dread, Ye hear not, see not those who wildly call. The heavy, sullen air around you brooding
Will waft no sigh or murmur to your ears;
The changeless chon darkness round you flooding
No ray can pierce from those sad earthly spheres.

IV.

O ye dead! ye well-remembered dead—
Remembered so that Death can never change
Th' impassion'd thoughts to you that once were wed,
But makes them ever towards you darkly range.
For me your eyes can ne'er look blank or hollow,
Your touch can chill not, nor your voices awe;
Along that mystic path I fain would follow,
Drawn onward by a secret spirit law.

LAMENT FOR THOMAS DAVIS.

Ι.

MOURN thee, Thomas Davis, dark, dark and wearily; Oh, shut the light from out mine eyes, for I cannot bear to see; I cannot look upon the earth and you no longer there: 'Tis now, and evermore will be, as my heart is, cold and bare. Thomas Davis! Thomas Davis! acushla sthore machine! My heart, my heart is pouring out black, bitter tears for thee.

II.

Oh, how can I believe it? it can't be as they say,
That all the gifts so near to Heaven are quenched within the clay;
It cannot be, it cannot be, that all the noble dower
Of Truth, and Love, and Genius high, on this earth no more has
power.

Thomas Davis! Thomas Davis!—is that a phantom name—An empty, silent, churchyard word, so full of life and fame?

III.

Oh, let me think upon him! Are all the thoughts of years, So firm and bright around him twined, now for ever steeped in tears?

And must we have but memories of all that he has been,
Like Autumn's dry and withered leaves, that we saw so fresh and
green?

Thomas Davis! Thomas Davis! sure, sure it is not true.

Oh, who, since first we heard your name, e'er thought of Death and you!

IV.

Bright sparks of gold are dancing upon the river's breast,

And soft and bright the sky appears as it lies in gentle rest.

The sun is slumbering warm and fair on fields so still and green

And proudly look the mountains down on the gentle, smiling

scene;

Nought is changing, nought is changing; the sound of life goes on.

There is no change, there is no change; and, sure, he can't be gone!

V.

Ah, woe is me, on this sad day! I know my tears are true.

Deep, deep within the change that's come, 'twas well, too well

I knew.

And you—oh, you, mavourneen oge!—our glory and our trust, Oh, who could ever dream such might would crumble into dust? Can we ever, can we ever mind Love or Hope again, When brightest Hope, and truest Love, no more to us remain?

VI.

I see the hills of Ormond, the Sionan's* pleasant shore:

I think how well you loved their sight, and you'll look on them
no more!

You loved them well, mavourneen, every stream and mountain blue!

You loved them in your bosom's core, oh, and won't they mourn for you?

Won't they sorrow, won't they sorrow, this sad and woful day, And Thomas Davis lying low, within the darksome clay!

VII.

And will your voice, oh, never, be heard where it hath poured, Among the friends so fondly loved, the free and fearless word? And won't you see their banners wave, and hear their triumphs swell,

When they chase the foreign foe away from the land you loved so well?

Oh, the caoine, oh, the caoine, will mingle with the tide Of loud-resounding triumph when we think of him who died!

VIII.

Oh, why am I still able to pour my depth of woe?

Oh, why am I not lying now where you are lying low?

Finbalmed in all your noble deeds and thoughts so proud and high,

Above your grave in misery we're left this day to lic— As the green moss, as the green moss, from off the tree is torn, So you were taken from our hearts, and we are left forlorn!

THE PATRIOT MOTHER.

A BALLAD OF '98.

(OME, tell us the names of the rebelly crew
Who lifted the pike on the Curragh with you;
Come, tell us their treason, and then you'll be free,
Or right quickly you'll swing from the high gallows tree."

I.

"Alanna! alanna!" the shadow of shame Has never yet fall'n upon one of your name, And, oh, may the food from my bosom you drew In your veins turn to poison if you turn untrue.

II.

"The foul words, oh, let them not blacken your tongue, That would prove to your friends and your country a wrong, Or the curse of a mother, so bitter and dread, With the wrath of the Lord—may they fall on your head!

III.

"I have no one but you in the whole world wide, Yet, false to your pledge, you'd ne'er stand at my side; If a traitor you lived, you'd be farther away From my heart, than if true, you were wrapped in the clay.

IV.

"Oh, deeper and darker the mourning would be For your falsehood so base, than your death, proud and free—Dearer, far dearer than ever to me, My darling, you'll be on the brave gallows tree.

v.

"'Tis holy, agra, from the bravest and best—
Go! go! from my heart, and be joined with the rest;
Alanna machree! O alanna machree!†
Sure a 'stag'; and a traitor you never will be."

VI.

There's no look of a traitor upon the young brow That's raised to the tempters so haughtily now; No traitor e'er held up the firm head so high— No traitor e'er showed such a proud, flashing eye.

^{*} My child! my child! † Child of my heart. ‡ An informer.

VII.

On the high gallows tree! on the brave gallows tree, Where smiled leaves and blossoms, his sad doom met he! But it never bore blossom so pure or so fair As the heart of the martyr who hangs from it there!

LOYALTY.

I.

I'LL not leave old Ireland, though fall'n she may be; I'll not leave old Ireland until she is free. Though light be her hope, and though dark be her fear, I know in my heart that her dawning is near.

II.

The wild geese are going, the wild geese are gone; The gay ships are dancing to bear them along; There's wailing behind them and sorrow before— They'll never again see their own island shore!

III. .

The west winds are blowing across the wild main,
The west winds are beck'ning to freedom and gain;
But your tears and your mourning are dearer to me:
My place is beside you, acushla machree!

IV.

Would I fly to the sunshine, and you in the shade? Would I leave the green bosom that moulded and made? Is it while you were mourning—is it while you were low—Oh, my tears they are falling: you know I won't go!

v.

To strive and to struggle, to live or to die, My place is beside you if all were to fly— To pity and cherish, to help and defend, Through labor and sorrow to wait for the end.

TO THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

I.

THE ancient towers of the land,
The mountains blue and hoary,
The murmuring rivers, bright and bland,
Seem lit with newer glory.
They look on thee, they smile on thee;
Young patriot, bend thee lowly—
A spirit deep of prophecy
Breathes o'er thee, true and holy!

II.

Oh, fold thy hands and bend thy brow,
For solemn words are spoken—
The glorious way before thee now
Is yet through bonds unbroken.
Go! strong in warrior's heart of fire,
And tongue of Coradh's* power,
Nor force of wiles nor darkest ire
May triumph o'er that dower!

OUR COURSE.

Τ.

WE turn to ye, O preachers of a nation's solemn vow,
With strength unfailing for the path that we must tread in
now.

Men of the Rath of Mullaghmast, of Tara's sacred hill, Men of the dungeon and the gyves, are ye those strong men still?

^{*}The war musicians of ancient Ireland were called Coradhs.

IT.

Oh, meet for us to rest upon the stern-recorded gage
Of generous and bounding youth and wisdom-tempered age,
Whose words gleam out like fiery stars upon the broad, bright
sky,

Before the gaze of all the world, as shining and as high.

III.

We falter not upon the way that nobly ye have shown; "No failing, now, within our souls until we grasp our own!" That oath!—'tis writ!—where'er we turn it fills the very air: We place our hands upon our hearts, and feel 'tis written there!

IV.

We know the weapons of our foe, the taunt, the doubt, the lie,
The friendly sneer, the audacious threat, the blight of treachery.
But through the dungeon, field or grave still onward is our way—
Still journeying through the gloom of night, as in the blaze of
day!

V.

That path for us is graven deep, 'tis marked by many a wrong, Is heralded by patriots dear in many a martyred throng.

Is it not traced by true men's steel, and lighted by their words?

Shall it be barred against our march by all those threatening hordes?

VI.

No! did we pause or turn aside from that we're sworn to do, We well might blush to look upon the Heaven before our view: Not loud enough the thunder peal, not bright enough the sun, To tell the listening world our shame, if this foul deed were done!

DOWN, BRITANNIA!

I.

DOWN, Britannia! brigand, down!
No more to rule with sceptred hand;
Truth raises o'er thy throne and crown
Her exorcising wand.
I see "the writing on the wall,"
The proud, the thrice-accursed shall fall—
Down, Britannia, down!

II.

Jubilate!—rings the cry
Exultingly from pole to pole,
With bended knee and glistening eye
Glad shouts of triumph roll. *lo pæan*—raise the song:
From sea to shore it sweeps along—
Down, Britannia, down!

III.

For cold deceit, through long, long years,
For iron rule with blood-stained sword,
For brave men's lives, for woman's tears,
For basely-broken word,
There comes a loud exulting voice,
Bidding the long-oppressed rejoice—

Down, Britannia, down!

TV.

The golden sands of Indian clime,
The China towers of old Pekin
Have seen the desolating print
Of thy dark hoof of sin;

And, ground and trampled to the death, Their children cry with latest breath— Down, Britannia, down!

V.

Still wailing at the Eternal gate,
See myriad blood-stained sceptres stand;
They cry aloud through night and day
Against thy robber hand:
For "Vengeance, vengeance, dark and dire,
O Lord of glory, show thine ire!—
Down, Britannia, down!"

VI.

Yes, down, if Heaven will aid the brave,
If life and strength have but this aim,
Accounting blood and toil as nought
So thou art brought to shame.
God grant to us the final blow,
Unto the dust to strike thee low—
Down, Britannia, down!

VII.

For this have heroes fought and bled,
For this have pined in exile lone;
For this the gallows bore its fruit,
And yet it was not won.
But, oh, 'tis worth a struggle yet,
Though every hearth with blood were wet—
Down, Britannia, down!

VIII.

When banded are the good and true,
We know, at least, the word is said;
We march along the glorious way,
By Heavenly teaching led.
It comes at last, the wished-for hour,
For all to ery with prophet power—
Down, Britannia, down!

CHARTIST ADDRESS.

I.

BEAR a brave heart, my brothers all—
The hearts of Englishmen;
Strive well for that old land of yours,
And make it free again.
The tramp of Freedom loud resounds
Through all the list'ning world,
And now she's coming o'er the sea,
With her brave flag unfurled!

II.

The People's cause is one alone
Through all the world wide;
By foreign name, or foreign tongue,
That cause you can't divide!
Two races only do I see
Upon this globe of ours:
The cheated sons of woe and toil,
The juggling "higher powers!"

III.

One master crushes both alike,
The Saxon and the Celt—
For all the pomp of throne and state
Our bone and substance melt.
Then, hand in hand, we'll face the foe,
And grapple with the wrong,
And show the tyrant and the slave
A people's will is strong!

IV.

They dare not palter with the stern,
Nor struggle with the true;
Our hearts shall guard the precious green,
And yours the red and blue.
Close up, close up! in ranks of steel—
The people's cause—hurrah!
Oppressors of your fellow-men,
We wait not for a day!

v.

By the high might of Truth and Right,
More potent than the storm;
By the great vow, all reckless now,
Of reddest war's alarm—
We'll have our own despite them all,
Or Commons, Queen or Lords;
And we'll read our Charter by the light
Of ten thousand flashing swords!

HYMN OF THE SWORD.

I.

(HERUB of snowy wing,

Who armed thy strong right hand
With that red lightning steel
Before the Heavenly land?
Who gave to thee the sword,
The dark-defending sword,
Before the gate to stand?

II.

It flashed in awful might,
The fiery, golden sword—
Death-dealing, sacred steel,
The Viceroy of the Lord!
No mighty word he spoke,
But all his wrath awoke
In the kingly-flaming sword?

III.

Give us that sword, O God!—Give us that fiery sword!
As holy things as Eden's vales
Have we for thee to guard:
Home, Country, Honor, Faith,
To guard from taint and seath—Give us that fiery sword!

IV.

Where is our sword, O God?
Where is our flaming steel,
To make the descerating foe
Before Thy footstool reel?
Where is our guardian sword,
Before the gate to stand,
A free and holy land,
To sentinel for Thee?

٧.

We stand before Thee now,
Before Thy throne adored;
Give us that sacred trust,
Give us that watch and ward—
Untiring guardians we,
Before Thine cye shall be,
Armed with Thy fiery sword!

THE LORDS OF THE SOIL.

I.

YE Gentlemen of Ireland, who stand upon the sod Where one your gallant ancestors in pride and freedom trod! Have ye no thought or feeling high that marked your noble race? In word, or look, or deed may we that regal lineage trace?

TT.

Upon each hill above ye, within each sunny vale,
Their tones of triumph swelled aloud, their banners kissed the
gale;

Amongst the heath-beds, bronzed with light, where dashing torrents ran,

Has rung the war-cry, stern and loud, of many a mountain clan.

III.

In broad Iar-Conacht's region, where rise the Arran isles,
Where, heaving up its bosom strong, the fair Lough Corrib
smiles;

Where towers Ben Nephin, mighty, a lord above the sea,
There some have ruled with sceptred hand whose name abides
with ye.

TV.

Upon Camailté's mountain, whose head is white with years, What thrilling cries have mingled with the clashing of the spears! On every spot of Irish ground bright memories start and throng, That as a golden treasure still to Irish hearts belong!

v

The broad lands of your fathers still stretch before you there, Your homes are on that hallow'd ground, but not as their homes were;

The emerald fields you call your own, at what a price you hold! Each free-born thought and word of yours unto your masters sold! VI.

O Pariahs of Europe! O apes of British rule!

Base mixture of the selfish knave and of the piteous fool!

Go, stand before your haughty lords, and cringe and fawn and wait

The honor of a nod that tells the meanness of your state!

VII.

Oh! ye are useful weapons of tyrants and of knaves,
To strike into that country's heart where rest your fathers' graves!
Around you breaks a bitter wail, with wrath and anguish fraught:
"Like weight of mountains on your heads be all the ills you've wrought!"

THE FALLEN QUEEN.

I.

MOURN within my palaee hall,
Amid the ruin and wreck;
No royal trappings round me fall,
Nor gems my forehead deck.
The golden sceptre now is felled;
And bowed the haughty mien
Of her who once in glory held
The rank of rightful queen.

II.

My children wail with bitter tears

The grief that sears my brow,
And I'm alone amid their fears,
With none to aid me now.

My head is covered with the dust,
And soiled my robes of green;
I am a woman wronged and lost,
But not the less a queen.

III.

For traitor Might may trample down
Whate'er is pure and true;
But Right still wears her golden crown,
And claims her glorious due.
So ev'n amid their cruel power
I still can stand serene,
And hold undimmed the sacred dower
Of one, a true-born queen.

IV.

For God hath given to me a place,
And set on me a sign
That mortal hand can ne'er deface,
Nor I can ne'er resign.
And though above the land and wave
The spoiler strong is seen,
He's not the less a robber knave,
Nor I the less a queen.

ν.

I once had stores at my command,
Rich blessings from above;
My subjects all a faithful band
To guard me with their love.
Alas! alas! their life-blood dyes
Those faded robes of green,
And nought remains but tears and sighs
For me, their fallen queen!

NATIONAL MARCH.

ī.

MEN of the soil! good men and true,
Quick be your march the dark way through.
Proud is the moment when wrongs are redrest,
Lying for ages a load on the breast.
On! on! through doubt and through danger,
On, over the head of the stranger—
Forward, and carry the day!

II.

What is before? the gibbet or sword—
Patriot men, do ye seek a reward?
On! on every step there is fame;
Back! and be lost in th' abysm of shame.
On! on! 'tis the day of salvation;
On! on! 'tis the hour for a nation—
Forward! the struggle is come!

III.

March! march! men of the soil,

Force, shall it swerve ye, or treachery foil?
Yours is to sweep every wrong from its stand,
Or leave not a trace of yourselves in the land.
On! on! no fear or no failing,
Listen no more to the cold or the quailing—

Forward! the day is your own!

THE GATHERING.

COME forth! Is it true that ve cannot awaken? / Come forth, ere this hour from our vengeance be taken! To blot out the darkness of numberless ages, To brighten the future for history's pages; Come forth in your wrath, in your sorrow and madness, As swift as the torrents leap out in their gladness; For wrongs to avenge, and for rights to recover, Come on, with the ardor and hope of a lover! Come forth, with the thoughts that are burning within you; Let glory and honor and memory win you. Of many a hope and a joy they've bereft you, But strength for the contest still, still it is left you. Come on, by the sorrows that wildly oppress you; By the hope of that triumph that surely will bless you! By the past driven forth, by the future invited, There's a voice and a sign that may never be slighted! They come, the brave sons of the Emerald Mother, They come to the struggle, sire, cleavan* and brother! From the cliff and the mountain I see them down pouring, Their war-cry the voice of the tempest outroaring. With proud eyes to dare ev'n the lightning and thunder, The ranks of the foemen all breaking asunder, Like rivers that sound in their silvery laughter, With wave upon wave dashing after and after! For, oh! it is mirthful to meet thus together, With pike in the hand and with foot on the heather; To think of the wrong, as you grasp with the wronger, And feel the deep soul growing stronger and stronger; And think that one blow will, for ever and ever, Our nation and name from all tyranuy sever. Oh. day of all days! when the old soil, awoken, Will trample the chains she has fearlessly broken!

^{*} Anglice. - Friend or relative.

GOD SAVE THE PEOPLE.

ı.

OD save the People all!

While thrones and sceptres round them fall,
Shout aloud the sacred call,
God save the People!

II.

Through cannon's roar, and flash of steel,
As laws and systems rock and reel,
Through strife that blood, perchance, must seal,
God save the People!

m.

God save those who solely can
Guard the soil from shame and ban;
Then be the prayer of every man,
God save the People!

IV.

From misty dreams, from words that glow Above the void that lies below,

From this their ancient curse and woe,

God save the People!

٧.

From evil thought to mar the cause, From falsehood to The Eternal's laws, From headlong rush or coward pause, God save the People! VI.

From knaves and fools who seek to sway.

When men alone should lead the way,

(Upon the waves the spotless spray)—

God saye the People!

VII.

The snowy wings are flutteriug by,
Of angel opportunity!

Let her not mount unto the sky—
God save the People!

THE REBEL'S SERMON-A STREET BALLAD.

ı.

MY brothers, all, who hear me now,
Give ear to what I say;
The words are solemn that I speak
On this, my dying day:
For Ireland's love, for England's hate,
I swore a solemn vow,
And if I swore it once before,
I'd swear it ten times now!
For Ireland! for Ireland!
Upon this drop I stand;
For Ireland, for Ireland,
My own native land!

II.

Thrice blacker be the face of death,
Thrice brighter be the sky!
And yet, for such a cause as this,
I'm well content to die!

I never knew what 'twas to fear,
And still I do not know;
And for the wrongs that seared my heart
I strove to deal a blow.

You'll follow, you'll follow,

The path I went before,
Like brave men, to save, men,
Their old island shore!

III.

I did the duty of a man;
I care for life no more;
If death will bring the cause some good,
Its stroke I don't deplore.
If one more throb of stern resolve
It raise in any breast,
If one more pulse of bitter hate
'Gainst England's robber crest—
'Tis welcome! 'tis welcome,
Right merrily to me;
Victorious, and glorious
The last hour I see!

IV.

And now the word I'd leave behind
Is Vengeance! Vengeance! still.
O'er every plain I'd ring it out,
On every lofty hill.
Who cares a straw for life and limb
Deserves not to be free;
Who thinks of caution or of fear
Will frighten liberty.
Still daring, uncaring,
For all the might of man,
There is no other way, my boys,
To carry out your plan!

SILKEN THOMAS.

WRITTEN IN 1848, FOR THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

I.

HO! speed along, my trusty men, and proud your gathering be, For one who loves the dear old land stands firm in front of ye. In glowing youth, in stainless truth, he stands the foremost there,

With warrior's sword and warrior's heart, prepared to do and dare.

II.

His white plume tosses to the wind like foam upon the sea, And his gallant palfrey bears him on with step so proud and free. He shines before our dazzled eyes a glory and a joy, Our young, brave Silken Thomas, that brave and princely boy!

III.

A leader in the land he looks decked in a robe of green,
The flashing gems and yellow gold beseem the royal mien;
But gems and gold and silken sheen before his glance are dim;
From these he borrows nought of grace, 'tis they have all from him.

IV.

Though proud the noble name he bears, yet more for his renown He comes, the Champion of the Right, 'gainst coronet and crown—

I ween no man e'er looked more grand than 'mid the clashing spears,

And the loud, exulting welcome of those fearless mountaineers.

v.

From hill, and glen, and spreading plain, such triumph never rung

As greets the wild war-music poured from our young chieftain's tongue—

"We'll follow you through life or death—we'll follow to the last—"The word!—the word!—we want no more; 'twill be the trum-

VI.

pet's blast!"

The banners wave, the clarions peal; now comes the rush and reel,

The booming of the deadly gun, the glancing of the steel; And there, within the foremost ranks, like to a shooting star, Our Silken Thomas may be seen, all glorious from afar!

TO THE MAGNATES OF IRELAND.

т

LOVE not vengeance, men of gore,
By word, or deed, or sword;
But, sooth to say, I do adore
The Justice of the Lord!
And, watching now the awful doom
Fast gathering o'er your path,
I shudder, but I do not mourn
The fearful "day of wrath."

II.

I do not mourn your crumbling walls, Your lost ancestral fame, The loathing or the scorn that falls Upon your guilt and shame. For years on years the web you wrought
That now, to-day, you wear—
The clinging robe with poison fraught,
And torture, and despair.

III.

There is no mercy—none, oh, none!

How many a voice in vain

Hath prayed to ye, in scraph tone,

That nevermore will deign!

There is an hour that surely comes

To stiff-necked, ceaseless crime,

When Hell's breath withers Mercy—Love,

And reigns alone, sublime.

TV.

That hour is come! Ye stand arraigned
Before the listening world—
Before that God, at whose command
Ye have defiance hurled:
For stony hearts, for robber hands,
For tears and groans and blood,
And all the horde of stinging sins
That made this land their food.

٧.

In vain swelled out the teeming breast
Of this our golden soil;
'Twas but for your fell power to blast—
Your blackened hands to spoil.
In vain the patriot's voice was heard;
Ye started at the sound,
And then, slipped from the tightened leash,
Ye played the baiting hound.

™ VI.

Now, 'twixt two burning fires ye stand,
Your victims and your lords,
The wailing curses of the land,
And "law's" remorseless hordes.
Yet, in that awful labyrinth
What instinct still is strong?
With life's last throes, unto the close,
Still clinging to the wrong!

VII.

By blackened roof-tree, fireless hearth,
By all that ye have crost,
The word is writ on sky and earth,
Your game is played—and lost!
And though I may not vengeance love,
By word, or deed, or sword,
Yet still I ever must adore
The Justice of the Lord!

THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.

OOD men, true men, stand ye forth!

East and west, and south and north,
Raise the chorus deep and loud,

"Life and limb to thee are vowed,
Erin!"

Royal mistress, sad and pale, Some with tears thy fate bewail; Men have sterner work to do: They must scorn the wiristhru*—

Scorn it!

^{*}The Lament.

Voiceless is the brave man's grief.
Dark his vow and stern and brief,
Strong his soul to work or wait,
Marching still through love or hate,
Onward!

While one weapon yet remains, Strike, despite all ills or pains; While at hand there lies one task, Seek not the future to unmask—

Like a rainbow in the night,
Hope still arches o'er the right;
From the depths the fount shall burst,
Soon to slake our weary thirst,
Brothers!

Men of Irish blood and bone!
Will ye not allegiance own
To the Lady of the Green,
To our true and lawful Queen?
Erin!

Yes! they come, exulting, forth,
East and west, and south and north;
By the blessed book and sign,
Firm and faithful, they are thine,
Evin!

CHANT OF THE IRISH MINSTREL.

ĩ.

I HEAR cold voices saying that she, my Queen, is dead,
And those sadehords may nevermore their tones of music shed;
That I, who wildly loved her, must weep in mute despair:
Ah, they know not how true love will cling, though blight and death be there!

II.

I have no joy or triumph to swell my minstrel lay,
I have no hope to cheer me on the dark and lonely way;
But in this feeble soul there's still a might they dream not of,
While living springs are in my breast of deep, unswerving Love.

III.

Yes, pale one, in thy sorrow! yes, wronged one, in thy pain! This heart has still a beat for thee, this trembling hand a strain; They cannot steal the golden stores the past has left to me, Or make me shrink with broken faith, asthore machree, from thee!

IV.

Oh, hear, my loved one, hear me! 'tis no cold pulse meets your own.

Its burning throb would warm to life, an' thou wert changed to stone.

I'll call the color to thy cheek, the light into thine eye—I know, at least, if thou art dead, my love can never die!

v.

'Twould make the air around thee warm with breath of living flame;

In life or death, or joy or woe, 'twill cling to thee the same:
No, never in the gladdest hour, when thou wert proud and strong,
Was deeper worship poured than now, in this low mourning
song!

VI.

I knelt before you long ago, when a crown was on your brow, I loved you with a fervent love—I love you firmer now; And that which makes the ivy green around the mouldering tree, Will make my voice all tuneful still, asthore machree, for thee!

DARE IT.

I.

THIS is the hour of strife,

Dare it!

With vast results 'tis rife,

Dare it!
Stand forward in the breach;

Let sturdy action preach, Nor cant presume to teach—

Beware it!

II.

The ery is, "All is lost"!

Dare it!

Whate'er the struggle cost,

Dare it!

Submit not to a cheat;
For us there's no defeat,
While true hearts round us beat—

We swear it!

III.

The past, with all its woe,

Dare it!

The present, weak and slow,

Dare it!

The future as it may—
Go bollly on your way,
To win the victor's bay,

And wear it!

IV.

I hear the strong man say—

"Dare it!

"If thou wouldst gain the day,

"Dare it!

"I wrench from Fortune's hand

"The dark and threatening brand

"To serve, when I command,

"Nor spare it!"

٧.

While tyrant thrall remains,

Dare it!

Despite all ills and pains,

Dare it!

Sown deep by Pen and tongue Be "disaffection" strong— That struggle, sad and long,

Oh, bear it!

VI.

By God's good help and strength, Dare it!

With all thy soul at length,

Dare it!

Recast the broken plan—
Stand forward to a man,
As though you'd just began—

Oh, swear it !

THE MURDERER.

THE day it was, and who saw the sign Of that now burned on this brow of mine? When I faced the wide world with a fearless eye That was open and true as the blessed sky; And sorrow and trouble, and sin and shame Were far away from our honest name.

'Tis a terrible hour when the pitchy gloom Grows dark and dark as the yawning tomb; When, with bursting heart and straining eve. For hope or for help you struggle and try-And yet, after all, to find, at last, That both mercy and hope are gone and past; That woe and despair, and all Life's power, Are like shadow and smoke in that fearful hour. Were we made by the hands of the living God? Did he give us no right in our native sod? Was all-was all for the stranger's "law," To swallow each day in its greedy maw? Was there nought for us but a curse and a ban. To sink and to die by the will of man? 'The bit from my children's lips was wrenched; The coal that lay on our hearth was quenched;

And the dark and cruel hoof
Trampled each stick of our humble roof.
I saw the face I loved grow pale,
I heard around the wild death-wail.

Look! look on the earth—on the heaven! Within I could see neither light nor right.

There was fiery pain on my spinning brain,
In my heart there was icy night.

My veins with blood they did not swell,
But with red-hot waves of the deepest hell;
Through my soul swept on a hurricane's thunder
That would rend the strong oaks of the wood asunder—That would part the breast of the mighty ocean:
Where, where was "right" in that dark commotion?
Where, where were God, and Right, and Heaven?
Scatter'd, and blotted, and rent, and riven!

Was I shut and bound in a block of stone? Should I burn, and writhe, and find outlet none For those frightful pangs that like serpents hiss, For a mountain weight that is felt like this!

Dark was the finger that showed the way, Fearful the voice that the words did say—Neighbors! men! 'twas my children's blood That bathed me up in a crimson flood.

I heard her cry in the winter ditch—'Twas the murdered poor 'gainst the robber rich.

He sat one night at his plenteous table—
One night when the sky was cold and sable;
I look'd!—alone in the night I stood—
He ate and drank of my flesh and blood.
There was laughter, and joy, and gladness—

For me but woe and madness— And a devil's voice in mine ear That banished all ruth or fear—

OUR TRUE MEN.

ī.

UR true men! our true men!
We proudly sing them all,
In felon's chain, across the main,
Despite of tyrant thrall—
Our true men! our true men!
We do not fear to tell
How deep within our inmost souls
They and their treason dwell.

II.

Those true men, those few men,
How truthfully they strove,
Unaided few, to rend in two
The chains around us wove.
Our true men! our true men!
Though coward tongues defame,
They'll bear through every grief and wrong
A pure, undying name.

III.

The loved ones, the proved ones,
They only trod the way
.
Where "Right," of yore, led some before,
And more will guide to-day.
Our true men! our true men!
Perchance like you to fail;
But others then will fill the van,
And still the struggle hail!

TV.

For masters! O masters!

There's not our isle within

A plant so green and strong, I ween,
As Disaffection's sin.

'Twill grow on, 'twill blow on,
Whatever you may do,
With nurture good, of tears and blood—
The food it ever knew.

v

Our true men! our true men!
Oh, proudly sing them all,
In traitor's chain, in wrong and pain,
Or lonely wanderers all!
Our true men! our true men!
We do not fear to tell
How deep within our inmost souls
They and their treason dwell.

THE FELON.*

ſ.

MIS Ireland's rallying cry:
We'll raise it to the sky,
With flashing sword and eye—
The Felon!

II.

'Tis loud as trumpet's call,
To rouse the sleepers all,
To strive—to strike—to fall !—
The Felon.

III.

That great voice struck the chime
Of a new and wondrous time—
Those deep tones rang sublime
Through the land.

IV.

Never combat wrong with wrong;
In truth alone be strong!
Rise boldly—and, ere long,
You are free!

٧.

Now, in this time of woe, That Gospel truth we know, No parley with the foe

Shall we hold.

VI.

As summer foliage riven
By the arrows of the levin,
From our hearts is softness driven
By that blow.

VII.

'Tis the silent, brooding hour,
'Twixt the strife of Right with Power,
Dark, lurid glances lower
Everywhere.

VIII.

Each red-hot passion, lo!
In this its liquid flow,
We mould as steel, that so
We avenge!

ıx.

By the laws that maddening mock,
By the convict-ship and dock,
By that parting's bitter shock,

Stand prepared!

z.

By the all-unconquered mien,
In that final moment seen,
Undaunted and serone,

Nerve your hearts!

XI.

By his words, like sabre swing, Calm, keen, unwavering, To the winds endurance fling From this day. XII.

By the sacrifice that sealed The doctrine he revealed, Think, now, but of the field, And of him.

XIII.

"For one-for two-for three!" t Av. hundreds, thousands, see, For vengeance and for thee! To the last!

XIV.

Oh, surely shall we show To that base, detested foe, That even in wrong and woe

The victory was thine! ‡

PROGRESS.

I.

WAKE, awake, from visions vain, A Those beauteous clouds that turn to rain, From hopes that light and empty fall, Like Winter blossoms, fruitless all-Go! arm thyself with brand and shield, To seek, and fight, and win the field.

t" Shall I not answer for one, for two, for three?"

[&]quot;And, my Lord, the victory is with me." - (Extracts from Mitchel's words in the dock.)

II.

Awake! the power is all inert
With which thy soul is broadly girt;
The power thine airy dreams to make,
No cobweb craft for child to break;
The power to win from ruin and wreck
A diadem thy brow to deck.

III.

Not rashly, hotly, seek the way, But seize the weapons of the day; Coolly act, and gravely feel, Keen and sure, yet cold as steel— Let it grow, that glorious hour, Like the growth of tree or flower!

TV.

Hurrying on, hurrying free, Like the river to the sea, Through the dark and rocky cave, With its deep, resistless wave; Strong, untiring, secret, still, Be the current of thy will!

V

Underneath the sunshine's glow And the verdure's tranquil show, Swiftly dash the waters fierce, Mad to gain and sure to pierce; Swiftly, darkly, on and on, Till the goal at last is won!

VI.

Let thy glance be calm and smooth, Let thy smile be light, in sooth; Shining on through gloom and tears, Weariness and haggard fears, Through the Present's giddy maze, Through the Future's dreary haze. VII.

Stones before the architect,
The stately edifice erect—
So all life's events are still
To him of the determined will;
And, doubt not, it is writ that he
Who conquers not must conquered be!

O'DONNELL OF TIPPERARY.*

I,

LACE me before your scarlet ranks,
A thousand men and more,
And, though the chain around me clanks,
I'll keep the oath I swore.
Plant gun and bayonet to my teeth,
And let them pierce me through;
But while a heart's within my breast
I'll never speak for you!

II.

"You brought me here an honest man,
You shall not make me slave—
No eye shall ever 'traitor' scan
Upon O'Donnell's grave.
The darkest wrong your power can do
Can alter not the vow,
Which says my children ne'er shall see
That brand upon my brow!"

^{*}The peasant farmer who refused to be sworn in evidence against Smith O'Brien in 1848.

TTT.

The true man's words are borne aloft,
To shine among the stars;
We cherish them within our hearts
Despite of bolts and bars.
'Mid all our sorrow and our wrongs,
Our deep and burning shame,
The brighter, purer for it all
Appears O'Donnell's name!

AN ERIN.*

ī.

O IRELAND! Ireland! proud hearts are breaking
For thee to-day,
And eyes that watched for thy glad awaking
Are turned away.

And voices low and tearful
Are heard of Hope to sing;
But the voice in our heart so fearful,
Nor comfort nor hope can bring.

II.

O Ireland! Ireland! thy life is closing
In the death of pain;
From thy broken heart is slowly oozing
The shower of crimson rain.
There thou art prostrate lying,
With the age of grief grown gray;
There thou art faintly sighing
The dream of the years away.

III.

O Ireland! Ireland! it is still unriven, That clanking chain;

Yet the countless wealth that for thee was given Might ransom Cain.

In vain were they gifted and brave and truthful— Our martyred host;

Thy cause is woe to the old, or youthful—All, all are lost!

IV.

But another, and yet another, O'er thy cold bier

Oh, pallid and lifeless mother,

Are watching near;

They dream in their grief's wild madness

That thou wilt awake again—

They call thee with frenzied sadness,

Those heart-wrung and stricken men!

77

O Ireland! Ireland! dost hear them blending
That piercing dole,

Through the cloud-wrapt skies ascending, Like the cry of a ruined soul.

They know not, O blessed Mary!

'Tis flowers o'er a corpse they fling;

They hear not the miserere

The pitying angels sing.

VT.

O Ireland! Ireland! no streak of dawning
Is on thy sky;

Still at our feet is the wide gulf yawning,
Where treasures on treasures lie.

Down through the deep, deep darkness Victim on victim springs,

But the hour of its closing, never,

Or morning or midnight brings!

THE PEOPLE'S CHIEF.

I.

(OME forth, come forth, O Man of Men! to the cry of the gathering nations;

We watch on the tower, we watch on the hill, pouring our invocations—

Our souls are sick of sounds and shades, that mock our bitter grief,

We hurl the Dagons from their seats, and call the lawful Chief!

II.

Come forth, come forth, O Man of Men! to the frenzy of our imploring,

The winged despair that no more can bear, up to the heavens soaring—

Come, Faith, and Hope, and Love and Trust! upon their centre rock

The wailing Millions summon thee, amid the earthquake shock!

III.

We've kept the weary watch of years with a wild and a heart-wrung yearning, $\ ^{\bullet}$

But the star of the Advent we sought in vain, calmly and purely burning:

False meteors flashed across the sky, and falsely led us on; The panting of the strife is come, the spell is o'er and gone!

IV.

The storms of enfranchised passions rise as the voice of the eagle's screaming,

And we seatter now to the earth's four winds the memory of our dreaming!

The clouds but veil the lightning's bolt; Sibylline murmurs ring

In hollow tones from out the depths: the Peoples seek their King!

٧.

Come forth, come forth, Annointed One! nor blazon nor honors bearing;

No "ancient line" be thy seal or sign, the crown of Humanity wearing.

Spring out, as lucent fountains spring, exulting from the ground—Arise, as Adam rose from God, with strength and knowledge crowned!

vi.

The leader of the world's wide host guiding our aspirations, Wear thou the seamless garb of Truth, sitting among the Nations! Thy foot is on the empty forms around in shivers cast— We crush ye with the scorn of scorn, exuviæ of the past!

VII.

The future's closed gates are now on their ponderous hinges jarring,

And there comes a sound, as of winds and waves, each with the other warring:

And forward bends the list'ning world, as to their eager ken From out that dark and mystic land appears the Man of Men!

THE CURSE.

[FROM THE IRISH OF CAHAL O'REILLY.]

HE whisper'd the words in the listener's ear, And the listener's brain was on fire to hear.

"She's false! she's false! to her bosom's core, Trust her not now as you trusted before!" Wo!oh, wo! he is cold and wan— Are his heart-strings broke?—is his life-breath gone?

His life is not gone; it is strong in hate, The fiend's breath swells in his soul elate.

Blood, red blood, will but quench the wrong; And the wrong was quenched ere the morrow's sun.

The tempter, then, she has heard a voice: "Thou shalt not now in thy crime rejoice!

- "Go! depart from this outward world—
 (She hears the curse till her blood is curdl'd.)
- "Go! for seven long years to dwell
 In the heart thou hast lit with the flames of Hell.
- "Seven long years 'mid the hissing brood, Of snakes that there have their daily food.
- "And still, when that heart is cold and dead, Thou'lt live as well in thy prison dread.
- "With the seven dark sins in thy breast to burn, Whilst thou art lock'd in that icy urn."
- "But though thou rage as the devils rage, "Tis all in vain in thy rigid cage.
- "There in the depths of the hopeless tomb Hear the words of thy fearful doom!"

Into the heart, then, she's gone to dwell, That erst she fill'd with the flames of Hell.

And ev'n when that heart is cold and dead, She'll still live on in her prison dread.

With the seven dark sins in her breast to burn, Whilst she is locked in that icy urn.

And she shall rage as the devils rage, But all in vain in that rigid cage. There in the depths of the hopeless tomb—Wo! oh, wo! for that fearful doom!

Wo! oh, wo! through all time below, To the hand that labors the wrong to sow.

Wo! oh, wo! for the lying word, From the mighty wrath of the all-just Lord.

A CAOINE.

[FROM THE IRISH.]

ı.

ONE, gone from me, and from the earth, and from the summer sky,

And all the bright, wild hope and love that swelled so proud and high;

And all this heart had stored for thee within its endless deep! With me—with me, oh! nevermore thou'lt smile, or joy, or weep!

TT.

There are gold nails on your coffin; there are snowy plumes above;

They pour their pomp and honors there, but I this woe and love— The hopeless woe, the longing love, that turn from earth away, And pray for refuge and a home within the silent clay!

III.

Come, wild deer of the mountain side! come, sweet bird of the plain!

To cheer the cold and trembling heart that beats for you in vain! Oh, come, from woe, and cold, and gloom, to her that's warm and true.

And has no hope or throb for aught within this world but you!

IV.

To the sad winds I have scattered the treasures of my soul— The sorrow that no tongue could speak, nor mortal power control—

And wept the weary night and day, until my heart was sore, And every germ of peace and joy was withered at its core.

٧.

In vain, in vain, this yearning cry—this dark and deep despair! I droop alone and trembling here, and thou art lying there, But though thy smile upon the earth I never more may see, And thou wilt never come to me—yet, I may fly to thee!

VI.

I never stood within your home—I do not bear your name— Life parted us for many a day, but Death now seals my claim; In darkness, silence, and decay, and here at last alone, You're but more truly bound to me—my darling and my own!

THE ARD-RIGH'S BRIDE.*

I.

MY queen! my queen! thou art won at last,
And I whisper to thee of the dreary past;
I murmur the words in my soul I kept,
Through the long, long years when my darling slept;
And I call thee my love, and I call thee my bride,
And I deck thy brow with a crown of pride,
For thou art my own—my own!

^{*}The "Ard-Righ" was the head Monarch of Erié-Literally, High King.

II.

I left my love in the days gone by,
With the terrible light of despair in her eye;
Her cheek as white as the marble stone,
And her voice as sad as the night-wind's moan—
For her I would pour my heart's red rain,
But, ah! at her side I might not remain—
With her, all my own—my own!

III.

"Dream not," they said; "thou shalt never see
The hour that will bring thy love to thee;
For her hand is bound with an iron chain,
And she droops and pines in her lonely pain;
The tomb for her it is opening wide
Thine shall be soon but a spirit bride!"
Alas! and alas! my own!

IV.

"Lay sword and shield in thy father's hall,
Let the red rust cover their brightness all;
Cast thine armor down in the blue sea-wave,
And thy hopes—let them find as deep a grave;
For never, oh, never, on thee shall beam
The lovely star of thy youthful dream—
Never! ah, nevermore!"

V.

But my soul soared up on its wings of flame,
And a voice of celestial sweetness came:
It haunted my ears, my heart, my dreams—
It swelled like the murmurs—thousand streams,
From earth and sky and sea it rung
That golden peal of immortal song:

It whispered my own—my own!

VI.

I trained my steed for the crimson plain,
And decked my ship for the stormy main,
And I called the old, and I called the young
With tones o'er the mountain and vale that rung,
For thee! for thee! my star—my sun—
The hope of my heart, my only one!—
For thee—and thy cause, mine own!

VII.

The clouds of the winter were round my path:
Some answered in scorn and some in wrath;
Till suddenly out of the gathering gloom
Gleamed banner and sword and lance and plume,
And backward the clouds of the darkness rolled,
And the morning came in its blue and gold—
It dawned for my own—my own!

VIII.

Then Hope sprang high as the white bird's wing,
And blossomed the leaves and flowers of Spring;
And the light of my heart leapt into mine eyes,
And the blood to my cheek in its burning dyes,
For I saw the gleam of thy silvery feet,
And I heard thy voice as the harp-note sweet:

Thou wert near me, my own—my own!

IX.

And I won thee, I won thee, amid them all!
I drew thy hand from its iron thrall;
And I clasped thee close to my aching breast,
To weep, to wonder, to dream, to rest—
To wear the crown of thy queenly pride,
Faircst of all, the Ard-Righ's bride:

My own—at last, my own!

OUR OLDEN TONGUL.

I.

PROM dim tradition's far-off opal fountains,
Where clouds and shadows loom,
Deep in the silence of the tall, grey mountain's
Primeval gloom,

Thy silvery stream flows down with music bounding— O ancient tongue!

With love and tears, and laughter softly sounding, As wild bird's liquid song!

at.

From winds and waters, in their choral mingling, Thy honeyed words were born;

From that strong pulse through Nature's bosom tingling, In Earth's first morn—

The quivering boughs, in forests green and olden, With murmurs low,

Rang out such accents, beautiful and golden, Beneath the dawn's white glow.

IIL.

Around, in mighty characters unfolded, Thy fame we yet discern;

The ivied shrine, in grace and grandeur mouldec,
The cromlech stern,

The tall, slim tower of aspect weird and hoary,
. With dream and rann,*

Full-crested in its lone and silent glory
Fronting the naked sun.

^{*} Traditionary lore.

TV

Thou bring'st bright visions, bardic strains enchanting, Attuned in lordly halls;

The clash of spears, the banners gaily flaunting On palace walls.

White-bearded sages, warrior knights victorious— A goodly throng—

In panoramic pomp of ages glorious, Before us pass along.

_

O'er wide blue plains we see the red deer bounding, In flickering light and sun;

And on his track, with deep-toned bay resounding, The wolf-hound dun—

Old mountains dim, dark forest, rock and river, Those days are o'er;

But shades and echoes people ye for ever, And shall, till time is o'er!

VI.

O tongue of all our greatness—all our sorrow— Shalt thou, then, fail and fade?

And leave the full hearts mute that ne'er can borrow From stranger aid—

Fit utterance for those thoughts whose stormy clangor Swells deep within,

The memories of our love, and hate, and anger, Which nought from us can win.

VII.

Not so! thou hast not stemmed the floods of ages, Nor braved a conqueror's sway,

Thou hast not writ upon the world's wide pages,
To pass away.

Deep, deep thy root where never human power May reach to spoil,

And soon in wealth of vernal leaf and flower, Thou'lt deck the olden soil!

FOR IRELAND ALL.

ī.

POR Ireland all, is the thunder call,
For Ireland and her salvation;
Each nerve and thought to the cause be brought
In lowly or lofty station,
For Ireland all, for Ireland all,
In bohane, or court or castle;
For Ireland all, or you surely fall—
Lady, and lord, and vassal!

II.

'Gainst England all, 'gainst England all,
Sprang from the green old mother;
Ev'ry rank and shade, be you soon arrayed
For that end to help each other.
'Gainst England all! 'gainst England all!
Up! up! all you Irish races,
Shall the English hoof trample down your roof,
And dwell in your ancient places?

III.

Oh, for Ireland all! oh, for Ireland all!

Whom an Irish soil has moulded;

Who have drunk her breath, on the hill and heath,
And are to her bosom folded.

You from her who caught every tone and thought,
And dwell in her inspiration,

Won't you aid her now? Won't you save her now
And make her an Irish nation?

^{*} Bohane, a hut.

IV.

Come, like gallant knights, for her glorious rights
On the muster field displaying
Each the hue and crest he likes the best,
With his own brave banners swaying!
Each the hue and crest that he likes the best,
Unto the struggle plighted,
And one and all, or to gain or fall,
In the holy cause united!

TO MY PATRIOT BROTHERS.

ı.

WHEN first we wake to that great thing,
The consciousness of power,
It is not 'mid the gales of spring,
Nor in the summer bower.
Stern the voice the truth to tell,
Rugged the hand to guide:
Bitter the struggles of the soul—
By woe is manhood tried.

TT.

And well, oh, well have we been tried,
And well have we endured;
The burden of the day is o'er,
The triumph is secured.
Thou who hast seen thy stricken land
Nor felt thy heart to break,
Remember, oh, remember, thou
Art living for her sake.

III.

Though all be dark and cold around,
The germs are still within
Of love and hope and happiness,
And thou the fruit shalt win.
Though broods above the thunder-cloud,
And spreads around the snow,
The smile of Heaven is still above,
Its fostering care below.

IV.

It is the holiest effort here
To triumph o'er despair;
What angel power thou mayest acquire
Who once that deed shalt dare.
Remember, all the seeds of might
Are hid in suffering;
It is the iron casket of
The talismanic ring!

OUR MEMORIES.

I.

Thus take them to our hearts awhile,
The memories of our land;
Though wrapped in woe and gloom they be,
Yet still they're proud and grand.
Those records old, like glowing gems
Set in the gold of song,
Are hoarded treasures still for us,
Through years of scorn and wrong.

II.

There are thousand themes of Ireland's soil
For Irish tongues to tell,
With paling cheeks, and flashing eyes,
And hearts that wildly swell.
Nor minstrel harp, nor poet pen
Had e'er a nobler field
Than thy old name, Ierné dear,
Since far back time can yield!

III.

Heaven bless ye, great and good of yore,
For all that ye have left!
We cling unto those lessons now,
When of all else bereft.
We heed them well, we heed them well,
In all their strength and light,
To teach us how to bear ourselves,
And fight the glorious fight.

IV.

Oh, praise to Brian's kingly name
Through all the years gone by,
That lights with steady radiance
Our dark, tempestuous sky!
And all the warrior chiefs of old
That nobly strove and fought—
We feel that though we may be slaves,
It is not we that ought!

٧.

Yes, precious are the memories Ye left, our fearless sires: Do they not burn within the land Like consecrated fires? Bright beacons still remain for us, Untired to journey by— Not lit upon the lonely earth, But shining in the sky.

VI.

Say, what shall be the memories
That we will leave to guide
Our children? Shall their heritage
Be infamy or pride?
What are the thoughts that shall arise
As ages pass away?
When, lingering on their fathers' name,
Oh, will they curse or pray?

VII.

Shall they, enwrapped in Freedom's light,
Be rulers of the land,
With fearless arm protecting all
The rights that we had planned?
Or, shall they, crushed by deep disgrace,
Be taunted and defied,
As of a faint and braggart race
Who flourished, shrunk, and—lied?

VIII.

Shall nations point to them and say "Their sires were Helots born?
They vowed to break the stranger's chain, And yet they were forsworn.
The good, the great, were in their ranks, And yet they slunk away,
And serfs and slaves upon the soil
Their children are to-day!"

O'BRIEN.

I.

NoT proudest, not highest, of them the true-hearted,
Because of the name round which glory is set;
Not worshipped and wept for, that heroes departed
May see in thy veins how their blood courses yet;
No! not for the rank of the stately Patrician

Wert thou crowned and enthroned as our hope and our trust; But that quick at the wail of a suffering nation,

That rank and its mockeries thou'st dashed in the dust!

II.

And forth from the class of the foe and the wronger
Didst come to the side of the weak and the few,
To raise thy right hand 'gainst the league of the stronger—
The Tribune, the Soldier, the Patriot true.
Every false social chain gallantly riving,
Right onward the noble unbendingly trod,
To stand as a man, for humanity striving,
Before the high altar of Freedom and God.

m.

For this art thou honored, with honor unfading—
For this art thou mourned, silent, sternly and deep—
For this do we strive 'neath our thoughts' sombre shading
To raise up the soul that will struggle, not weep.
And some will reprove thee; yes, weakly ungrateful,
They test by the cold head thy grand kingly heart,
Whose proud throb repelling their "leniency" hateful,
Will scorn them and dare them, 'till life's breath depart—

IV.

Will take not the boon of the base and the coward,
Whose empire but stands as a lie and a cheat—
Whose power, that in pride o'er the ocean hath tower'd,
Now holds like assassin and bravo its seat;
For the sword of the soldier, the gibbet and dagger—
The fang of the snake for the lion's loud roar;
And the threat of the vain and the impotent bragger,
For scarlet-clad rapine resistless before!

SIR CAHIR O'DOHERTY.

I.

BY the Spanish plumed hat and the costly attire,
And the dark eye that's blended of midnight and fire,
And the bearing and stature so princely and tall,
Sir Cahir you'll know in the midst of them all.

TT.

Like an oak on the land, like a ship on the sea, Like the eagle above, strong and haughty is he; In the greenness of youth, yet he's crowned as his due, With the fear of the false and the love of the true.

III.

Right fiercely he swoops on their plundering hordes, Right proudly he dares them—the proud English lords; And darkly you'll trace him by many a trail, From the hills of the North, to the heart of the Pale—

IV.

By red field and ruined keep and fire-shrouded hall, By the tramp of the charger o'er buttress and wall, By the courage that springs in the breach of despair, Like the bound of the lion erect from his lair. v.

O'Neill and O'Donnell, Maguire and the rest, Have sheathed the sabre and lowered the crest; O'Cahan is crushed and MacMahon is bound, And Magennis slinks after the foe like his hound;

VI.

But high and untrimmed o'er valley and height, Soars the proud-sweeping pinion, so young in its flight— The toil and the danger are braved all alone, By the fierce-taloned falcon of old Inishowen.*

VII.

And thus runs his story: he fought and he fell, Young, honored and brave—so the seanachies tell; The foremost of those who have guarded the Green, When men wrote their names with the sword and the skein.

THE RUINED HOME.

I.

The old man stood at his cottage door,

To see the home he loved once more;
But the fire was quenched, and the roof-tree broke,
And the crumbling walls were black with smoke.

II.

The weeds grew thick in the garden ground, The crow and the magpic hopped around; And the few pale, scattered willow trees Shivered and mounted in the evening breeze.

^{*} Pronounced Inishown. † Skein, a weapon.

III.

The old man leaned on his staff, and said:
"I'm all alone—the rest are dead!"
And he gazed awhile with a vacant eye,
For he looked far back in the time gone by.

IV

He heard the laugh, and he heard the song, And he saw the children round him throng; While the yellow dog, with the curly tail, Ran, barking, the joyous group to hail.

T.

There he'd sat—'twas a pleasant scene— The cow was grazing upon the green; Within the hum of the wheel was heard, Without the chirp of the little bird.

VI.

He thought of then, and he thought of now: There was the change—he mutter'd how "The poor man, sure, could not pay the rich, So his only home was the road and the ditch!"

VII.

He stood to pray at the master's gate, And the master's son rode out in state; And he heard the curse and he heard the scoff That bade him "Off, to the workhouse, off!"

VIII

They wandered first through the world wide; Some of them bowed their heads and died. The rest of them sought the pauper shed: "Where are they now?" "At rest," he said.

IX.

And the old man had come to his cottage door,
To look on the home he loved once more.
Then I heard him pray. What asked he there?—
A broken heart has but one prayer!

A SCENE FOR IRELAND.

ī.

T was a wild and rainy day,
The last of dark December's—
A ragged "pauper," drooping, lay
Above the dying embers:
The drops fell from the rotting roof,
Marking the hours so dreary,
The hungry children stood aloof,
Pallid, and cold, and weary.

II.

Sad was the wretched mother's brow.

Her baby's wailings hushing:
She has no food to give it now
Save those hot tears outgushing.
Colder and colder blew the wind,
Louder the dark rain plashes;
And dimmer grows the fire behind
The heavy pile of ashes.

III.

Far, far away, with pearls and gold
My Lady's hair is gleaming;
For every gem our eyes behold
A crimson drop is streaming!—
For all the grace of silks and lace
Some wretches naked shiver;
For every smile upon her face
Some death-blue lips will quiver!

IV.

There's not a scene of lordly pride,
(Did Heaven's good light illumine),
But we should know had, far and wide,
Its meed of victims human.
We drain, perchance, some life away
From out the sparkling chalice—
Some humble home in ruins lay,
Decking the gilded palace!

٧.

Black thoughts come from the Famine Fiend—
He whispers low and stealthy—
"The poor man has no law or friend;
"Tis not so with the wealthy!
"Tis hard to see God's lights above,
While clouds and darkness bound us;
"Tis hard to hear God's words of love
With storms like those around us."

VI.

"Pray! pray!" so says the devotee,
"Thus is temptation warded:"
Ah, little prayer had guided thee,
Perchance, not gold-enguarded.
It is an easy thing to pray,
No want or sorrow knowing—
It is an easy thing to say,
"I praise God for bestowing."

VII.

Within your hand the gilded book,
Upon the cushion kneeling;
And in your home no word nor look,
One Geyser spring unveiling.—
But try to pray, and try to love,
Pain-wrung and soul-degraded—
The Lord God judges "crime" above,
But not as man has weighed it.

COURAGE.

I.

PISE, sinking slave, be strong and brave;
It is the final hour:
The boldest to be bolder still,
The weak no more to cower—
To press upon them nerve and bone,
Of failing not a breath—
To stand before them, face to face,
For Vengeance or for Death!

II.

My soul like mountain torrent swells,
With Erin's love and wrong;
To dare the tyrant to the last,
My heart is true and strong.
O God! that tears will fall like rain,
And vengeance yet be still,
While battle strife around is rife,
And wildest passions thrill.

III.

Go! talk no more in whining tone—Come, raise the warlike cry;
My countrymen, 'tis harder far
To live, than nobly die!
To live in chains, in bitter pains,
The thought for ever shun!
In one short hour, by valor's power,
Or fame—or Heaven is won.

IV.

The angels are the mourners sweet,
Above the soldier's bed;
God's brightest smile is on the spot
Where patriot blood is shed.
The curse of Heaven, the shame of earth
Is on the willing slave—
Dishonored life, dishonored death,
And darkness-shrouded grave!

THE OUTLAW.

Ī.

MY love is away o'er the hill and the steep,
Where the sea-eagle screams and the deer wildly leap;
He wanders alone through each dark desert haunt
With a heart and a bearing no danger can daunt.

II.

He walks like a true man, with sword by his side—
For daring he loves as the face of his bride;
He dared them with numbers—the struggle was vain—
Unaided, that strong heart now dares them again.

TTT.

My chieftain and lord, how my thoughts fly to you!

With worship and love that is worthy and true;
I smile for your glory, I weep for your wrong,
I think and I dream of you, soul of my song!

IV.

I'd roam at your side through the rock and the wild,
Where danger is darkest, and joy never smiled—
The spring and the summer I'd find in my love,
All peace and all bliss wheresoe'er he would rove.

ν.

We'd sit in the shade of the fair mountain ash,
Where the storm fiercely sweeps and the rude torrents dash;
We'd talk of our love, still so true and so warm,
That aught of misfortune, no, never, could harm.

VI.

We'd cling but the closer when danger was near;
We'd smile but the fonder when all seemed most drear;
We'd treasure each hour that so kindly flew by,
And left us together to live or to die!

THE MEN IN JAIL FOR IRELAND.

Air-" IRISH MOLLY O."

I.

COME, shrink not back with coward fears,
Nor brag as cowards do,
Nor make lament in words and tears
For these, our Patriots true.
But treasure deep within your breast
The oath, through good or ill,
To stand to them while life shall last—
The men in Pentonville!

II.

Yes! vengeance is the hero's grief,
And that be ours alone;
Our vow should be but stern and brief,
Yet knit with blood and bone.
We'll caon them best when through the land,
Our war-cry echoes shrill,
With gun on shoulder, pike in hand—
'The men in Pentonville!

III.

Cold dastards we—could aught to-day
Our footsteps turn aside,
A moment, from the sacred way
Which they have trod with pride.
All rough and blood-stained though it be
Yet we will follew still
Upon their track, right fearlessly—
The men in Pentonville!

TV.

Full well they showed their hardihood,
Ay! in the felon's dock;
Erect—unswerving—there they stood
As firm as Cashel's rock.
They laughed to scorn the tyrant's might,
In words that burn and thrill
Through every heart that loves the right—
The men in Pentonville!

ν.

Then keep the watch, my brothers all,
Let not your courage fail;
Within the gloomy prison wall
They do not flinch or quail!
If power there be in love or hate,
"Twill not be long until
The time will come for which they wait—
The men in Pentonville!

VT.

A cruel grasp is on their throats,
Our gallant Spartan band;
A tiger vengeance o'er them gloats,
As o'er their suffering land.
God keep them in their hour of need!
God guard them—and he will!—
To reap the crop, who sowed the seed—
The men in Pentonville!

THE MAID OF LOUGH INA.

I.

JPON Lough Ina's lonely shore
She sat beside the cottage door,
And round and round the light wheel flew,
As swift as the slender threads she drew,
And, ah! my fate she spun it too!

II.

She spun the thread of snowy white, All flecked with gleams of golden light; And as her small foot tapped the ground, And swift the wheel went round and round, My heart went with it firmly bound.

III.

Upon me flashed the sweet surprise
Of those pure, modest, changeful eyes:
Her face before me drooping low,
As fair as apple blossoms show—
Now flushed to rose, now paled to snow.

IV.

And turning round, with glances shy, And voice like breezes murmuring by, Her red lips sought with gracious mind A word of greeting soft and kind, For me, the stranger guest, to find.

V.

And, oh, the thread she spun so deft Was woven then both warp and weft; And in that web of colors fair, Wrought by enchantments rich and rare, My thread of life ran everywhere. VI.

I lingered by Lough Ina's shore; Of home and friends I thought no more— Her hair in tendrils bright that hung, Were chains to bind me close and strong, And so the sweet days sped along.

VII.

We heard the fairy numbers swell, Around us closed the magic spell; And all the rosy, laughing hours, From out their amaranthine bowers, Flew by us, wreathed in light and flowers.

VIII.

Two souls there were at length that came, Each unto each by Love's own claim; As on the bough two dew-drops lone In tender light together shone, Drew nearer—trembled—and were one!

BRIDGET CRUISE TO CAROLAN.

I.

DY fairy rath and haunted dell
I seek, asthore, for thee,
In fear some sweet, unpitying spell
May steal thee far from me.
With sunny smiles to win thy love,
With gentle words to bind,
More bright than aught thy dreams are of,
Is that thou leavest behind.

II.

There's gladness in the morning sky,
And music in the stream,
Soft fragrance in the breezo's sigh,
And glory in the beam,
And rest beneath the greenwood tree;
But better far than all,
The wild, deep love that holds for thee
My heart in endless thrall!

III.

I listen to the floods that pour
From that sweet fount of song,
And bathe my spirit o'er and o'er,
As thus they roll along.
I look upon the drooping lid
That veils those darkened eyes,
And think how Heaven is from us hid
By you enshrouding skies!

IV.

Still to that loved face gazing up
I sit in homage far,
An humble flower that opes its cup
With incense to a star.
Oh, flies the wild bird to the bough,
The river to the sea,
The red deer up the mountain brow,
And this fond heart to thee!

TO THE SHANNON.

I.

MY own sweet river Shannon, thou comest a long, long way To cheer me in my lonely home, with smile so fond and gay. Thy silver wave has wandered 'mid many a pleasant scene, Through smiling plains and valleys all flowing bright and green, And by the proud-arched ruins bathed in Time's mellow glow, Where, with an emerald radiance, old trees droop down below, And where bright, gentle memories a softened odor shed Of lofty deeds and ancient names long numbered with the dead!

H

On through the haunts where mingle the passion and the strife That sweep in angry surges through our ever-varying life; But still through all thy wanderings thou'st come at last to me, My own sweet river Shannon, a welcome unto thee.

The fair, white lilies smiling upon thy azure breast
Within their broad leaves' shelter, are hushed in tender rest,
And from the clustering hazel-trees that fringe thy banks along
There comes through all the summer eve the thrush and black-bird's song.

III.

High over thee are bending Slievebouchta's hills in pride,
As onward to the sunny south thy kingly waters glide—
The south!—the noble, heroic south!—'tis there thou'lt find the
true,

The brave and loyal-hearted that former ages knew,

The hands and hearts that still defend their country's sacred
cause,

And rise undauntedly against the oppressor and his laws.

My own sweet river Shannon, now hurrying to the sea,

Oh, lose not in its mighty depths the love I give to thee;

For I, when Time shall launch me, too, on Life's tempestuous

wave,

Shall cease not to remember thee, save in the silent grave!

A WELCOME.

[FROM THE IRISH.]

I.

WELCOME, again, as the May's scented blossom! Welcome, again, to your home in this bosom! Oh! for the sweet blessed hour that has brought you Back to the arms that so long, long have sought you! Welcome, oh, welcome the wild ringing laughter, Tears than the evening dew sweeter and softer, Music and light in my soul's depth o'erflowing, Pulses that throb—color coming and going—

п.

Whispers that none but my loved one shall listen, Glances where every fond secret shall glisten, Clasping of hands that have long been asunder, Hearts overflowing with rapture and wonder, Thoughts like the young leaves so joyously dancing, When warm sun and sweet winds around them are glancing! Joy for me, joy!—for you never will leave me; And now there is nought on the wide earth to grieve me.

III.

Glad as the bird up the summer-vault singing, Light as the bough with its gay blossom springing, Bright as the gold sparks that glisten and quiver, At morning or eve on the breast of the river— Calm as the child in its soft slumber lying; Bleat as the saint to his home above flying— Filled with a love ever thrilling and burning, Secan I now at my darling's returning!

THE LEPRECHAUN.*

I.

OH, the lonely, quiet glen,
Where the hazel trees are green,
And, among the bushes hiding,
The humble stream is gliding,
Murmuring as in reverie,
The long, long day, so tranquilly.

II.

Where the blackberries droop low, Where gleams the glossy sloe, And nuts are clustering brown On thick branches, drooping down; And, sometimes, soft and clear is heard The music of the sweet blackbird.

III.

There, when the sun is low, A tapping noise doth come and go; 'Tis the Leprechaun at his last, At which he raps away so fast. He wears a cocked hat on his head, And a tiny coat of scarlet red.

IV.

Oft so quickly and so keen, Bright his glance around is seen; And if a mortal he espies, Quick as lightning then he flies, And naught of him can you then trace Within that lonely, silent place.

^{*} The Irish Fairy Shoemaker.

ν.

Oh, could you steal upon,
And catch fast the Leprechaun,
You might win the gold so rare,
Stores of which he's hid somewhere.
When the tap! tap! you hear,
Steal quietly and slowly near.

VI.

Some soft balmy evening, when The sun is sinking in the glen, As the fairy workman plies, Quickly spring and scize the prize, And ask him then the spot to show Where bright the hidden treasures glow.

VII.

Look not round, or then is gone From your grasp the Leprechaun; And his mocking laugh you'll hear Ringing 'round so strange and clear. Oh, keep your hand and eye upon The little, wily Leprechaun!

TIPPERARY.

I,

WERE you ever in sweet Tipperary, where the fields are so sunny and green,

And the heath-brown Slieve Bloom and the Galtees look down with so proud a mien?

Oh, 'tis there you would see more beauty than is on all Irish ground:

God bless you, my sweet Tipperary, for where could your match be found?

II.

They say that your hand is fearful, that darkness is in your eye; But I'll not let them dare to utter so bitter and black a lic.

Oh, no, macushla sthoirin, bright, bright and warm are you,

With heart as bold as the men of old, to yourselves and your eountry true!

III.

And when there is gloom upon you, bid them think who has brought it there;

Sure, a frown or a word of hatred were not made for your face so fair.

You've a hand for the grasp of friendship, another to make them quake,

And they're welcome to which soever it pleases them most to take.

IV.

Shall our homes, like the huts of Connaught, be crumbled before our eyes?

Shall we fly, like a flock of wild geese, from all that we love and prize?

No; by those who were here before us! no churl shall our tyrant be-

Our land it is theirs by plunder, but, by Brigid! ourselves are free!

v.

We ne'er can forget the greatness did once to our isle belong; No traitor or erayen spirit was ever our race among.

And no frown or no word of hatred we give—but to pay them

And no frown or no word of hatred we give—but to pay them back:

In evil we only follow our enemy's darksome track!

VI.

Oh, come for awhile among us, and give us the friendly hand, And you'll see that old Tipperary is a loving and gladsome land. From Upper to Lower Ormond bright welcomes and smiles will spring:

On the plains of Tipperary the stranger is like a king!

LOUGH-A-SEOLA.*

I.

TIS a beautiful spot where the bilberries grow,
Down by the calm lake's side;
And quietly in the long rushes below
The shy little waterfowl hide.
There flaggers are peeping,
And sunbeams are sleeping,
And white flowers wave to and fro.
Oh, a beautiful spot is that silver lake side,

Where the ripe, ruddy bilberries grow!

There's a wee, fairy isle resting on that bright lake,
Silently musing alone;
And softly around it the blue waters break
With a musical whisper and moan.
From the past, dim and hoary,

Comes a shadowy glory
Of legend, and story, and song;
But through all the years that have faded and flown
Smiles that green isle, still blooming and young!

III.

Once round those shores, where the evening breeze sighs,
Hath the foot of the warrior prest,
And banners have waved where the wild-duck now flies
To her home in the sedge-covered nest.

How fair the portraying
Of fancy thus playing,
While shines out the sun, low and mellow,
Transmuting thy breast that lies softly at rest,
From bright silver to gold, sweet Lough-Scola!

^{*}Pronounced Lough-a-Selte. Lough-a-Seola, or lake of the "sally" or willow trees, is situated near Headford, in the county of Galway, Ireland.

PRINCESS BLANAID.*

T.

RAIRY-GIFTED are my fingers as they touch the trembling string,

And strangely sweet my voice, they say, like heavenly bells that ring,

As in those halls of splendor her beauty's praise I sing— The praise of Princess Blanaid, the daughter of the king.

H.

If I said her face was fairer than the dawning of the day,

And her cheek more fresh and glowing than the blossoms of the

May,

And more lithe her form and slender than the ash-bough's graceful play,

And statelier than the bounding deer upon the mountain grey—

III.

If I said her eyes had stolen the summer's midnight blue, With all the glory in their depths of summer starlight too; And like a black, black river her hair of ebon hue, That down in mazy, rippling waves unto her white feet grew—

TV.

That her breath was far more balmy than the rilloge's rich perfume,

And brighter than the rosy heath her tender virgin bloom; And silvery sweet her voice, and low, as birds at evening sing— 'Twould be only true of Blanaid, the daughter of the king.

^{*} Pronounced, Blana.

V.

Ah, that I, her father's minstrel, should but dare to dream the dream

That sends with lightning speed along my heart's red-rushing stream,

And makes the hidden light within flash up into mine eyes, Perchance revealing to the crowd what I would fain disguise.

w

Alas! for all the madness, the rapture and the pain,
That may speak in murmurs only, for all words were wild and
vain!

In the silence and the midnight of my soul alone I sing Of my love for Princess Blanaid, the daughter of the king.

VII.

But to tell the winds my story, and the lonely stars and moon, And the music streams and whispering trees through the golden nights of June,

And she but there beside me, within the greenwood ring— The beauteous Princess Blanaid, the daughter of the king.

THE HOLY WELL.

I.

MAS a very lonely spot, with beech trees o'er it drooping;
The waters gleamed beneath
Those fair green branches, lowly stooping—
"Benedicite!" seemed to breathe.

II.

A deep and tender light came through the green leaves peeping,
Where tiny insects dreamed;
A holy calm on all was sleeping,
The sunlight drowsy scemed.

III.

Oh, the silence there that dwelt, fast in a trance it bound you;

There murmured many tones

That crept innumerable round you—

Low whisperings and moans.

TV.

In that little silvery well how many tears fell heavy!

What homage there was poured!

To Mary, sweet, how many an Ave
Sought for her saving word!

v.

I strayed one evening calm to this low shining water:

The Virgin there might be—
So lovely looked it, you'd have thought her
Guarding it tenderly.

VI,

When through the silence there some one I heard a-praying,

(A poor "dark" girl was she)—

Upon her bare knees she was swaying,

Telling her rosary.

VII.

Oh, that little maiden sweet, fair-haired she was and slender;

Her sad smile lit the place,

Her blue-cloak hood had fallen, and tender

'Neath it gleamed her face.

VIII.

"She-the-vah!" t she murmuring said, "O Queen of power and meekness,

Let me but see the light; My mother droops with age and sickness: For her sake, give me sight!

^{*} Blind. † Hail to thee.

IX.

"Oh, my weeny sister's gone, and we're left alone and pining—
But two in this world wide;

If I could greet the fair sun shining,

And be her stay and guide!"

x.

You'd think blind Bridgh did see the face of the Almighty, So radiant was her face; Through the deep darkness of her night, Ho Poured out the light of grace!

XI.

Just like a saint she seemed, His pleasure waiting only:

I could not choose, but weep,

And join her in that shrine so lonely,

Breathing petitions deep!

GLENMALOE.

[FROM THE IRISH].

ī.

WHERE is the blackbird singing
The live-long day?
Where is the clear stream ringing,
This golden May?
Ah! I know where the bird is singing,
And I know where the stream is ringing,
For my heart to that spot is clinging.
Far, far away!

II.

Lightly the silver-rushes *
Wave to and fro;
Thick are the hazel bushes,
Black the sloe;
Sweet are the winds that whistle,
Green are the boughs that rustle,
There, where the wild birds nestle,
In Glenmaloe!

m.

Faint are the murmurs humming,

Through breeze and stream,
Dim are the shadows coming—

A fairy dream!

Harp notes are heard to tingle,
Voices of spirits mingle,
Deep in each hollow dingle,

Where violets gleam!

IV.

Ah! but the years are dreary,
Since long ago—
Ah! but this heart is weary,
Sweet Glermaloe!
Thinking of visions faded,
Lightsome and glad that made it—
Hopes that for aye are shaded,
So well I know!

٧.

Still is the blackbird singing
The live-long day;
Still are the waters ringing
This golden May—

^{*}The Meadow-sweet, called in Irish "Silver-reed."

But, ah! not for me that singing, Nor the stream with its silver ringing, Though my heart to that spot is clinging Far, far away!

IN THE WEST.

ī.

A CROSS the lone wild wave the breezes play,
All filled with fragrance from another clime—
Another clime, whose skies are soft and grey,
As heavy with the storied mists of time—
With subtle sweetness through the summer air
Still float around a thousand golden dreams:
A host of memories, pale and sad and fair,
From Erié of the ever-voiceful streams.

II.

There in the West, in sparkling crystal chains,
The lovely lakes in sun and shadow lie;
Where lordly Milrea * in his grandeur reigns,
A frowning monarch towering to the sky;
And there a hundred green lone islets smile,
Each with its ivied ruin or Oghum † stone—
From dim tradition who may ever wile
The mystic stories of those ages gone?

III.

The drowsy mists of June are full of balm,

The shadows fly across the spreading plain,
And 'mid the sun and blue of Summer calm

We taste a beauty which is almost pain.

^{*} The highest of the mountains in Iar-Connaught.

[†] Oghum-The Druidic Alphabet.

Deep bowls of verdure in the mountain side, Give us to quaff of peace and rest and cool, 'Neath clouds of deepest blue and amber dyed, With curled fringe of soft and snowy wool.

IV.

There grows all peaceful on the boggy lawn
The purple heath and rilloge* clustering low,
The lusmore† and the snowy canavan‡,
The waving ash, where crimson berries grow.
I hear the music of the singing rills,
Tripping with silvery feet upon their way
Adown the bronzéd crags, the heathy hills,
Until they die in spirit sighs away.

MURMURS.

[FROM THE IRISH]

I.

THE stars are watching, the winds are playing, They see me kneeling, they see me praying, They hear me still through the long night saying Asthore machree, I love you, I love you!

n.

And, oh! with no love that is light or cheerful, But deep'ning on its shadow fearful, Without a joy that is aught but tearful— 'Tis thus I love you, I love you!

^{*} Rilloge-Bog Myrtle. † Lusmore-Foxglove. ‡ Canavan-Bog Cotton.

III.

Whisp'ring still with those whispers broken, Speaking on what can ne'er be spoken, Were all the voices of earth awoken, Oh, how I love you, I love you!

IV.

With all my heart's most passionate throbbing,
With wild emotion and wearisome sobbing,
Love and light from all others robbing,
So well I love you, I love you!

v.

With the low, faint murmurs of deep adoring, And voiceless blessings forever pouring, And sighs that fall with a sad imploring: "Tis I who love you, who love you!

VI.

With the burning, beating, the inward hushing, Ever and ever in music gushing. Like mystic tones from the sea-shell rushing— 'Tis strangely I love you, I love you!

VII.

They pass me dancing, they pass me singing,
While night and day o'er the earth are winging,
But I sit here, to my trance still clinging,
For, oh, I love you, I love you!

BIDDY. 89

BIDDY.

Τ.

VER the wash-tub and the suds,
Poor Biddy stoops in shabby duds;
And, through her work, you'll hear the croon
Of some low, plaintive Irish tune—
Untidy Biddy!

II.

But touching, sooth, they are to me,
The suds, the song—ah! Bridgh Machree—
They bring me back some thousand mile,
To one sweet, darling, verdant isle.

Heav'n bless you, Biddy!

m.

There rises up the cabin small,
With roof of thatch, and low mud wall,
The stagnant pool before the door,
The grunting pig upon the floor—
You know them, Biddy!

IV.

But far beyond the mud, and all,
I see the mountains grand and tall,
The beech and hawthorn in their bloom—
The spot where lies my mother's tomb,
In Ireland, Biddy!

77

Not over neat, my Irish girl, You may seem to the English churl; Your blue eyes and your coal-black hair, He may not think a contrast fair; But I do, Biddy! VI.

I like the tender light and shade That blend in you, my pretty maid; The laughter and the tears in one, The lovely brogue of richest tone, From Leitrim, Biddy!

VII.

Your cooking is not good, they say, And Britons can't endure your way; You can't appreciate that art, So dear to every John Bull's heart, Unhappy Biddy!

VIII.

And when my feelings oft are hurt By hints that you've no eye for dirt. I answer back: "Indeed, may be; But she's an ear for melody"— Unlike them, Biddy!

IX.

You're perverse—so they say, my girl;
'Tis many a charge at you they hurl;
Turn'd upside down, and here and there,
You'll never make things neat and square—
No method, Biddy!

x.

Fertile your fancy in its play,
I've marvelled at it day by day;
In uses you for objects find,
For which they never were designed—
Ingenious Biddy!

XI.

What curious things you sometimes do!
I can't deny it, nor can you.
Most wonderful it is, and strange
How widely your inventions range—
For instance, Biddy:

XII.

My Shakespeare, bound in cloth of gold, You've put the window frame to hold; I've seen you—still more dreadful trick!— With bottle for a candlestick,

Near curtains, Biddy!

XIII.

But with such sins upon your part, You keep the pure, proud Irish heart; You're true to country and to God, As when you walked your native sod— My faithful Biddy!

XIV.

The Queensland sun may leave its trace,
And Erin's milky hue deface;
But spot or speck shall come in vain,
The whiteness of your soul to stain,
O Irish Biddy!

TRINITY WELL.*

I.

DEEP in a lonely, silent dell,
Where green leaves clustering twine,
There is a little holy well—
The peasant's humble shrine.

^{*}The Holy Well here alluded is situated in the Devil's Glen, in the County of Wicklow. A large ash tree, in three distinct trunks, grows at the head of the well—hence the name, "Trinity Well."

Within its charmed circle bound
What dreams and memories dwell!
What shades and echoes haunt the ground
Around the Holy Well!

II.

How many a wild and simple tale
The votive offerings breathe,
Now idly fluttering in the gale
Those arching boughs beneath!
How many a weary hope and fear
That tongue may never tell
Have hovered o'er thy waters clear,
Thou little Holy Well!

III.

A gnarled ash-tree droops above,
As pilgrims watch and pray,
With lifted arms of reverent love,
Trembling, and old and gray;
Upon its seamed and rugged bark
Loved names are faintly seen—
So faint, the eye can scarcely mark
Through moss and lichens green.

IV.

Ah! thus, in sooth, it is with names
Once writ upon the heart,
When Time brings forth new hopes and aims,
And bids the Past depart;
Filled up with growth of strife and care,
Slow creeping, day by day,
The records graven deep that were,
Like these, are worn away.

٧.

O lovely, silent, crystal well!
Earth's hopes and joys may fail;
But clearer as the mists dispel
The heavenly dawn we hail;
And here within thy hallowed shade,
'Mid summer sun and balm,
The soul's wild tumult's all are laid,
And we find peace and calm!

MY NIAL BAWN.

Τ.

HE has no gold but the gold that shines
In those bright, clustering tresses;
There is neither rank nor power for him
Whom this fond heart wildly blesses.
But, oh, there is truth and pride and love
For my Nial's kingly dower,
And never was king worshipped like to him
In the day of his highest power.

II.

I have no hope in the wide, wide world,
But all that's round him clinging;
There's neither life nor joy for me
Unless from his fondness springing.
I never think of woe or pain—
Sure this life can bring no trial
When I know bright angels could guard me not
More tender and true than Nial!

TTT.

His soul is soft as a morn of May,
But strong as the deep, dark ocean,
With passion wild as the storm and flame
For deeds of a high devotion.
Oh, fierce and brave is my own dear love,
The wrong and the foe defying,
But low and sweet is his voice to me,
Like the breezes of evening sighing!

IV.

Bright blessings fall on my Nial Bawn!
Sure I know his love outpouring;
And there's no joy on earth to me
Like the joy of thus adoring.
Oh, I have love—such deep, deep love!—
To fall in soft, freshening showers,
That all around will be bright and green
Through life's long, golden hours!

THE SKYLARK BY THE SHANNON.

ı.

BIRD from the plume of green rushes
Exultant soaring,
Thy song-burst so fervidly pouring
In jubilant gushes
To morning's first sweet maiden blushes!
O brown little Peri, up-springing!
There is surely a soul in thy singing.

II.

My heart's wealth around thee art flinging
In showers of gladness,
In warblings of ecstatic madness,
Tumultuously ringing,
In thine own flood of harmony winging—
Striving on with that passionate paining,
Life and love blent in rapturous straining.

III.

In a whirl of music revolving,
In circles enchanted,
As if by the Infinite haunted,
Thou seemest dissolving,
Those magical numbers evolving,
Till, with spiral and quivering motion,
Thou near'st the blue, heavenly ocean.

IV.

O bird! thou art floating and fading
On to th' Empyrean;
Through gold and vermilion and Tyrian
Dyes thou art wading,
Till cometh the stillness and shading;
And soon, with the spirit land blended,
In a voice and a dream thou art ended!

IRISH AUTUMN EVE.

ī.

TILL and pale, as if in thought,
The lone eve droops, with sadness fraught;
And low clouds hang of gauzy gray,
In phantom figures vaguely wrought,
Dissolving dreamily away.

TT.

The dead leaves all are showering down, Yellow and red, and orange and brown—
They that once, in tender green,
Made the summer's lovely crown,
Now upon her grave are seen.

III.

Low the silver-leaved Abele
Sweeps forth its foliage to the gale;
Its snowy sheen is glittering fair
Against the sky, all leaden pale,
And rings out music soft and rare.

IV.

Above the mournful, silent globe
The sun, in faded saffron robe,
Broods sadly o'er the wide decay;
The winds rise up with plaintive sob,
Through tangled copses far away.

V.

There is a languid, drowsy breath,
As of a weird, wild dream of death;
Inert and voiceless lieth all
The rounded space, as if beneath
A sombre, dense, funereal pall.

AWAKING.

[FROM THE IRISH.]

I KNOW it now, I know it well,
The wave is not more true
The changes of the sky to tell
Than I each change in you.

The trembling chords within my soul
Ring out a boding wail;
Yet how can love that years have fed
In one short moment fail?

II.

For one false flash from beauty's eye,
For one sweet syren tone—
Ah! hast thy fate, then, fleeted by?
Thou—thou, my loved—my own!
Hast thou, indeed, forgotten all
That vigil cold and long
Through which we watched, and wept, and prayed?
This—this were bitter wrong!

III.

The perfumed play of summer wind
That idly sweeps the sea,
And reeks not of the treasured hordes
That in its depths may be;
The flitting sunbeam that will smile
The trees and flowers upon—
Such wilt thou find the love that now
Thy heart from me has won.

IV.

I know that she is fair and young—
Her eye is bright, 'tis true;

Her cheek the rose's bloom has on,
But mine grew pale for you.

Hope, joy and youth have passed away,
The spirit light and free;

And dark and bitter is the thought
That all is lost for thee.

ROSANNA *

ī.

TAIR are the shades of Rosanna,
When the summer evenings fall,
And the heavens seem dropping manna
On those woodlands dark and tall;
Sweet is the silent glory
That streams from the sunset sky,
Through the beech-trees thick and hoary,
Where the soft winds gently die.

II.

Oh, sadly the hours have faded
Since last I looked on you;
My soul in grief is shaded,
For lost is its mission true.
Instead of the morning gladness,
Now tempests and clouds arise,
And Life seems a dream of sadness,
Where Hope in a ruin lies.

III.

Oh, soft, bright woods of Rosanna,
Though my tears should fall like rain,
Through no sorrow or yearning ever
A glimpse of you shall I gain,
I think of your summer's glowing,
Of each flowery bank and plain,
Of your silvery streamlets flowing—
But—my longing is all in vain!

^{*} A beautiful spot in the County Wicklow, Ireland.

A DREAM OF A DREAM.

[FROM THE IRISH].

I.

II, but for a moment only, and never and never more,

To sit in thine eyes' glad sunlight, my treasure of love to

pour;

To breathe it in broken murmurs of rapture and wild despair, Ere its song and its joy, for ever, are drunk by the empty air!

п.

The Voice of my Dreams is dying, so mournfully, day by day, Like the sound of those distant waters that glide from the earth away.

Ah! faint as the faint bells ringing, in silence within the car! And dim as the wavering moonbeam the hopes of my life appear.

III.

The spell of the Minstrel's Clairseach, his power and his visions—all

To the winds of the dreary Winter in stillness and sorrow fall; Pass out in this tearful sighing—those throbs of a heart that ne'er

Knew glory, or woe, or gladness, save that which thy love brought there!

ΙV.

Oh, to tell thee the weary longing, like wild bird, in my breast,
That flies through the night and morning, yet knows not a place
of rest—

To whisper thee, sad and lowly, how dark is the world and cold, . And hear thee but give me, dearest, one word like the words of old!

٧.

Sure the sun falls in shadows only, since the hour you were torn from me;

No flower in my breast has blossom'd—ah, never, asthore machree! No eye has shed joy upon mc—no heart warm'd mine within: The cold spot my bosom chilling is cold at this hour as then!

VI.

Come! come! can this deep devotion I pour from my soul to thee

Not triumph o'er all, this moment, that severs thee far from me? Vain, vain! O'er the troubled waters there cometh no word or sign—

No voice comes with answering power—The dream of a dream is mine!

WHY I SING.

I.

SING, I sing in many a strain,
But whence my song I cannot tell;
I sing in gladness or in pain,
But know not whence the spell.
Why chirps the bird upon the tree?
Why moans the wind in passing by?
If they can tell their art to ye,
Why, freely, so will I.

TT.

The spray bounds upward to the sun,
The young, green leaves will bud and blow,
The birds and I are singing on,
And—that is all I know!
But ceaseless, ever, as the stream,
The little pipe plays humbly on,
In broken word or shapeless dream
Until the restless soul is flown!

THE NEW TIME.

THE key-note is struck of another time, And vocal is earth with the strain sublime. On through the Universe, lo! it is stealing, With resonant rythm that music is pealing; Through worlds above, and through worlds below, Through waves that glide, and through stars that glow; O'er wood and wild, o'er plain and hill, Louder and clearer those sweet tones thrill-Through thousand hearts that before were dumb, And heard but the faint and the inward hum Of the glorious time, of the golden time, When Truth shall reign in its royal prime; When Life shall not be a skeleton thing, But quick with the breath of a verdant spring; And the worn-out shell of this social frame Shall crumble for aye in the living flame. That garment already so worn and old, Is dropping and mouldering fold on fold; And looking within I can well discern The heaving and flushing of life return. Wave upon wave rushes on to the shore, With a cresting foam and resounding roar; And I see the signs as of meteors bright, Far off in the land of the second-sight.

The trance is broken, the word is spoken,
The real and true are at last awoken;
Drain not the dregs of the present and past,
On to the future untrodden and vast!
The mind-world yet has a glorious hoard,
With wealth unthought of richly stor'd;
Fair wonders still hath that boundless realm,
But great the hand that must guide the helm.

Who dreamed of that world so long unknown, Which the eye of the Genoese sought alone? We know not all that may yet be ours, We know not the depth of our gifts and pow'rs; 'Tis not that a thing is beyond our might, But beyond our ken-and if sought aright We conquer and win; for the brave and true Must find the way to the deed in view. There's science more grand than to reach the stars, And make for yourselves triumphal cars, To raise the pyramid-lay the plinth, Or delve and wind through the labyrinth. Soar not, ye wise, to the seventh heaven, To leave to its weakness this mortal leaven! That knowledge, the chiefest, the holiest should Be to teach your kind to grow happy and good! Call not the voice of the Time a dream-Though effete and hollow the world you deem; 'Tis the self-same sphere that in gladness first From the hand of the great Creator burst; The golden sun beams out as brightly, The laughing rivers dance as lightly, The crimson fruit, and the clust'ring flowers, Spring and bloom in as plenteous showers; The brain of man is the same as of old, His heart is cast in the primal mould, The great and the beautiful still are here, Though temples nor columns to them we rear.

Are not love and hope, and faith and glory
The same to-day as they shine in story?
As the sap through the trees, as the blood through our veins,
Boundingly old romanee still reigns,
Living and moving around us still,
Noiseless and swift as a hidden rill;

TEARS. 103

Silently, silently, speeding along,
A beautiful form with tuneless tongue.
Her priests and her votaries silent all,
Silent she glides through her palace hall;
But the thoughtful list to her low foot-fall—
And hang enwrapp'd on her musical sobs,
And feel her heart with its burning throbs.

On, still on, through our daily life,
Though warp'd and stained by deceit and strife,
And habit that lends its conquering might
To weave a web like the garb of Night,
And strikes its roots in the mental soil,
Knotted and tangled to blight and foil.
But are there not some with the might to-day,
To rend the enchantment dark away?
That so the hour at last shall rise,
Immortal and glorious as Christ to the skies!
The great reaction grand and holy,
It cometh sure, though it cometh slowly,
For through weakness and falsehood, and cant together,
The well-springs of life are as deep as ever.

TEARS.

r.

PROP down, ye hot and blistering tears—
A poison-torrent from the brain—
Ye tell not now of grief or fears,
Nor wild and frantic pain;
Ye fall but as the icy rain,
Despair pours out in vain.—
Drop! drop!

II.

They pass away in that wild shower,
The cherished dreams of many a day—
The glowing throbs of Life's young hour,
All, all are poured away,
And life is now but dross and clay—
A twilight cold and gray—
Drop! drop!

TIT.

Pour down!—ye bear within ye far
More priccless things than pearls or gold—
The glories of the Morning Star,
The burning hopes of old—
Ye bear them down unto the mould
To perish, pale and cold,
Drop! drop!

IV.

Hopes, memories, dreams—all, all are there,
And agony that none may know
Transmuted to the fell despair
That crouches faint and low,
That thinks not, breathes not in the throo
Of this dark torrent flow.

Drop! drop!

IDLE WORDS.

٦.

THERE is a mockery in those words

That strive with accents faint and broken,
From out the heart's ruined, broken chords,
To speak of that, the all-unspoken!

It is a mockery—ay! no more—
And passion laughs the laugh of madness
At that faint voice which o'er and o'er
Sizks like the wind to moaning sadness!

II.

I look upon thee, mute and cold,

Nor writhing pulse, nor hot vein swelling.

Nor burning tear canst then behold

That inward tale of frenzy telling.

It is the cold and fearful doom

Of one upon the death-bier lying,

Bound in the chain of trancéd gloom,

For word or murmur vainly trying!

THE LOST SUMMER.

I.

SOUGHT a summer that I knew,
Some time in those far distant years,
On spirit wing away that flew,
With all its wealth of smiles and tears,
With all its roses glowing red,
The loveliest that ever blew—
Ah! is it lost, or is it dead?
No more I'll see it bloom anew.

TT

I sought a Love that once was true
And fervent as the skies of June:
It bathed the world in light and dew;
It was Life's star and sun and moon.
Oh, weary search, oh, stinging pain!
The summer that so long hath fled
Will come to me as soon again
As that lost love, so cold and dead!

THE LEGEND OF POUL-NA-DHOUL.

I.

NDER the base of the hill it stood,
A deep, black pool within the wood—
"How deep?" some whispered. Shuddering came
The answer: "Near to Hell's own flame!"

II.

It was a spot, this Poul-na-Dhoul, Meet for the haunt of ghost or ghoul; The trees that grew beside it, drear, Seemed blue and cold, as if with fear.

III.

The kites and ravens loved its gloom,
And shricked and croaked as round a tomb;
And sometimes came the bat and owl
To seek the shades of Poul-na-Dhoul.

IV.

One winter night, as cold as lead— The moon and stars might all be dead, So ghastly seemed the scene and hour— When, from the fair, came Festy Power.

v.

In truth, poor Festy was no saint— His name was not without a taint; And from the altar, it is said, His name full often had been read. VI.

Now, this same year, I heard it told, He was outside the Christian fold; His Easter duty with neglect He'd treated, and but little recked.

VII.

That night, with other godless chaps, He'd had a little drop, perhaps: And so no thought of fear had he, Though near the spot he came to be.

VIII.

How strange it was that, ringing here, He heard the sounds of festive cheer; And, lo! before him, fair and grand, A stately mansion there did stand.

IX.

It rang with mirth, it blazed with light, And music lent its full delight; And guests were seen in bright array Within those halls so light and gay.

x.

As Festy stood in wonder lost, Came forth the hospitable host, And, with most cordial greeting, said: "Why, Festy, come and join the spread."

XI.

"We've been expecting you so long To-night to swell the merry throng! Now, do come in! I pray you, do!" And then he gave a pull or two.

XII.

But Festy, somehow, did not feel Responsive to his host's appeal: He was afraid—he, once so bold— He felt his very blood run cold!

XIII.

And why should he be of this mind? The gentleman was very kind! Although his countenance, 'tis true, Did look a little dark of hue.

XIV.

He couldn't tell!—but more and more He grew to dread that open door; And more and more determined grew The gentleman of foreign hue.

XV.

He drew young Festy onward still, Most terribly against his will; But, though he struggled might and main, His host did the advantage gain.

XVI.

And on the threshold soon he stood; His strength was gone—he knew he should— But all at once aloud he cried, "Protect me, God, for me that died!"—

XVII.

When vanished all the brilliant show, The laughing guests, the lamplight's glow, The stately house, the dark-browed host, The midnight vision—all was lost!

xvIII.

And there, upon the very brink
Of Poul-na-Dhoul, as black as ink,
Upon that lonely midnight hour,
With quivering fear, stood Festy Power!

XIX.

But from that time, within the man, A wondrous change, they say, began: No more the ways of sin he trod, But henceforth ever walked with God!

NATIVE THOUGHTS.

ı.

HE ways of the cold-tongued stranger, I see them in hut and hall,

They fall like a cloud of darkness, those marks of a bitter thrall. Where now are the native features, so well and so widely known—The noble and polished grandeùr of a nation upon her throne?

II.

Mine eyes seek, in heavy sorrow, the tower-crowned halls of yore, I see the proud, regal chieftains that Asionn* and Fallung† wore; I hear that sweet tongue of music, of love and of grace so rare, I look on the scene around me, and the Sassenach gloom is there!

TIT.

And, oh, for the sweet-strung clairseach, 'neath the minstrel's cunning hand,

"With the small wires tinkling under the bass in its deep notes grand!"; ‡

And the portals of court and eastle flung open for song and cheer, Where the poor and the stranger ever a welcome were sure to hear!

^{*}The Irish crown. | The mantle,

[‡]The description given by Giraldus Cambrensis of the Irish minstrel's harp-playing.

IV.

The glory of Ollamh Fodhla, brave Dathi's warrior might,
Our heroes of Christian ages, in council, and court, and fight—
All, all that was precious left us, the signs of our ancient race,
Has it been from our memory blotted by a conqueror's ruthless
trace?

v.

Oh, no! o'er the greensward rolling the flood may be darkly seen,

But beneath it all, fresh and glowing, is living the beauteous green.

Soon, soon shall the rushing torrent of wrong and oppression cease,

And the dove, o'er the wave returning, proclaim the sweet words of peace!

NO MORE.

I.

WATCH the dead leaf fluttering, and I watch the sunset sky, But if I watched from morn till eve, I'd never see you nigh.
Oh, no! oh, no! if I looked for aye,

I'd never see you in the night or day.

II.

I'll see the river gliding by, and I'll see the mountains tall,
And the lonely glen where the trees are green, and the wavering
shadows fall;

But while rivers run, or while green leaves grow, I'll never see you again, I know!

ιτι.

I'll look o'er hill, and heath, and moor, on the misty skies and streams,

Flitting before my weary eyes, like a 'wildering dance of dreams;

But long and weary my watch shall be,

Before a glimpse of your face I'll see.

IV.

Years on years are rolling on, and there through the live-long day,

With dimming sight I muse alone, till my gold locks turn to grey—

But, no! oh, no! look where I will, In no place but my heart shall I find you still!

THE UNSPOKEN.

۲.

THOUGH mine eyes should gaze for ever
With that longing wild above,
Overflowing like a river,
From my heart's deep fount of love.
Though I should gaze for aye on thee,
Life and love exhaling,
Yet still mine eyes unfilled would be,
And gaze on thee unfailing.

II.

Though I should tell thee over, over,
All the fondness of my soul—
Yet would its shrine still something cover
More precious than the whole.
Though I should speak again—again,
Until my heart were broken,
The truest word would still remain,
In that which is unspoken!

AN OLD STORY.

I.

A S old as the hills," yet as green and young,
And still to be spoken and written and sung,
While ever remaineth a pen or a tongue,
They'll tell you the olden story:

II.

How two have loved in this world below,
With the freshness and fervor of morning's glow,
Each unto each a world, although
A world there was between them.

TIT.

How they know not or heed not the fate to be, But walk in a maze and a mystery, Nor trouble, nor darkness, nor destiny see, So strong is the spell around them.

IV.

Unminding the talk of the cold and the wise,
While they look in the depth of each others' eyes,
For hidden is there all the wealth they prize,
And they know it will shine forever.

v.

It may be a love all too pure and rare
To be happy or blest in this world of care,
Meet only to bloom in the perfumed air,
Where the Brahmin's blue flower is springing.

VI.

But blame them not, for a fairy hand Has stricken them both with a magic wand, And together they walk in enchanted land, Far, far from all mortal sorrow.

VII.

There beameth the light of a golden dream, And there's melody bubbling from sky and stream, And the moon and the stars have a weird-like beam, Since the hour when their love was spoken.

VIII.

The voice of the bird has a deeper strain,
There's an emerald glow over mount and plain,
And through all the earth runs a silvery vein
Of glory and love and beauty.

IX.

The breath of the gorgeous and perfumed June Sings, panting wildly, a passionate tune, And whispers sweet thoughts to the night and the moon.

As it sinks to its loving slumbers.

x.

And every blossom and bud and bell Has each a story of joy to tell, That fills the breeze with a gladsome swell, And maketh the daylight softer.

XI.

And they, the dreamers each day and hour, Their souls unfold to that mystic power; Entrane'd and rapt, to the skies they soar, And listen to angel numbers.

XII.

Life is not life as it was of yore-How cold and dull seems the time that's o'er-"Undiné" a poet's dream no more,

But reality, happy and glorious.

XIII.

Then, how can they deem their love untold, Not far more precious than silver or gold? It must be now as it was of old,

If you think-it will seem no wonder.

XIV.

Oh, marvel not that thy wisdom ne'er Can have power to banish that vision fair: That it could be so, sure the marvel were-Is not this a very old story?

PARTING WORDS.

WHEN will you come again? The weary hours will fall, And 'tis by the beating of my heart That I will count them all-By the beating of my heart, And the dropping of my tears, Through the dreary day, and the lonely night, And the long and lonely years.

II.

Why did you stay so long? Or I should never be Thus elinging to you, as the moss Is wreathed around the tree-Thus breathing in your breath, Thus fading when you go, Forgetting e'en my love and joy In my dark and dreary woe.

III.

You came to win my heart, You stayed to gain my troth, I never dreamed a parting hour . So woful for us both. Oh, bitter, bitter are my tears! Adieu, my darling one: What shall I do this dreary hour, When I feel that you are gone?

THE VOICE OF THE RIVER.

I.

EVER and ever, with a voice of sighing, Hurried the wild wave from the light away, Onward to mournful darkness faintly flying, Far from the glory of its life's young day. Ever and ever came that voice of sighing, Swelling the breezes with its murmurs low-The last faint murmurs that are heard in dying, From those who leave the loved on earth below.

II.

Ever and ever, from that dim, cold charnel,
Bearing its memories deep of joy and woe,
Through time and change, unchanging and eternal,
Ceaseless those wailing tones are heard to flow—
"Farewell! farewell! in all its wanderings lonely,
Wilt thou not hear this sad voice o'er and o'er,
Ever and ever murmuring—breathing only
Of love that lives and mourns for evermore!"

"L. L."*

ī.

TAR off! far off! within the desert rudo In the cold heart of that deep solitude, Two magic letters on the rugged bark, With touching memory on that pathway dark, The wanderer's footsteps tenderly still mark.

TT.

The mosses, clustering, grew not to efface— But erept along in melaneholy grace; And made the outline of the letters dear, Unto the eager eyes more true and clear, Through all the tumult of our hope and fear.

III.

Along that pathway sterile, lone and grey— We follow, still, where'er they point the way; And ever still, before our longing eyes, We see the whitening of the dawn arise, And hear the whisper of a glad surprise.

^{*}In the search for Leichhardt, one of the explorers of the Australian Continent, several trees were found bearing the initials of his name, "L.L."

TV.

Ah! mournful letters—who may now divine The unspoken tale of which you are the sign? You hold it in your keeping, graven deep; And men conjecturing, perchance, may weep— But it is locked, for aye, in deathly sleep!

v.

"L. L.!" Alas! for those dark, weary days,
With failing footsteps toiling through the maze—
The lonely anguish of a hero soul,
Bent 'neath the burthen of a heavy dole,
Yet ever struggling forward to the goal!

VI.

Beloved letters! not that desert tree Alone shall keep a record fond of thee— A nation, treasuring its precious lore, Shall have thee graven deep for evermore, With mournful pride, upon its inmost core.

THE AGE'S TEACHERS.

I.

MEN of the mind-world,
Earnest are we.
For the words wind-hurl'd,
Spoken by ye.
Casting off languor,
Comes the wild clangor,
Toned as the sea.

II.

True are ye sounding
The chords of the hour,
Loudly resounding
With grandeur and power.

Well have you learned, Wisely discerned, Changes that lower.

III.

So "hugely unreal,"
The world and its creed—
Truth seems an ideal
To treat with unheed.
Base "falsehoods" insidious,
And "mockeries" hideous,
The multitude lead.

IV.

High, zealous and solemn,
Your preaching so bold;
"Seize pillar and column,
The temples that hold;
And valiantly cover,
In ruins for ever,
The 'Mammon' of old."

V

When trampled were error,
Can you who destroy,
From ruin and terror,
Raise order and joy?
Is thine the commission,
The serious mission,
To do as destroy?

VI.

The which of you, standing,
O'er chaos and night,
Can, God-like, commanding,
Say "Let there be light."
The which of you, ending
The system of rending,
Can build up the Right?

KING LABHRADH'S* EARS.

[FOUNDED ON AN INCIDENT IN THE HISTORY OF ANCIENT IRELAND.]

NCE on a time there reigned in Eiré, A mighty King whose name was Lairé, A monarch truly grand and royal, With subjects most intensely loyal. They must have been, for truly he Did sorely try their loyalty. His Majesty, as it appears, Was furnished with most curious ears: The fact, alas! we can't dissemble, Those of an ass they did resemble. King Lairé, naturally, tried This blemish from his Court to hide, And therefore hit upon the trick To wear his hair both long and thick; But when the growth was overmuch, Perforce, he sought the barber's touch. The royal hair must know the seissors, Or else be like to Nabuchadnezzar's. Once in the year it trimming needed, And, oh, how much that time was dreaded! For when the process was completed The barber's wages then were meted. After the final snip he gave He was conducted to his grave-To have the secret safely buried, That so the king might not be worried!

The barber's post, it should be noted, By lot each year was always voted, And now unto the fatal dictum A widow's only son fell victim.

^{*} Pronounced "Lairé."

Then rushed the mother, wildly shricking, An audience at the palace seeking, In hopes the king might grant her prayer, The prop of her old age to spare. Now, pitying her sad condition, The guards allowed her free admission, And at the Monarch's gracious feet She humbly sued for mercy sweet. His heart was touched, her pleadings heard, And then he pledged his royal word The young man's life should be preserved. If he the promise well observed To keep the secret he should learn Within his bosom strict and stern, If e'er to mortal ear revealed, Why, then, his doom at once was sealed!

With joyful heart the youth accepted The easy bargain—and he kept it. Although he marveled much and long, He managed still to hold his tongue; But when some little time had passed, Poor boy! the burthen on him pressed-The burthen of that secret queer, 'Till he to death was very near. His mother, sad and sore-perplexed, Considered what she should do next; And then decided to consult A Druid versed in arts occult. Within the space of half a minute, The wise old man told what was in it, And said: "The youth is slowly dying, 'Cause something on his mind is lying: If he his bosom can't disburthen The 'Leech's' art can do no more then!" Now, this was hard, for either way Condemned to death the patient lay.

Unto that sage, in wisdom heary, The sorrowing mother told her story, And wept and wailed in bitter grief, Despairing now of all relief.

But comfort came: the Druid kind Said: "We a compromise may find Whereby all consequences bad May be avoided by the lad. 'Tis true he can't, on pain of death, Reveal the secret that he hath To mortal ear—and there's the fix! By keeping it he'll cross the Styx. Now, here is what I would propose. To remedy those serious woes: Without delay the patient should Proceed unto a neighboring wood, And where four highways meeting stand Turn round and walk to his right hand, Then, to the tree that first will grow, Whisper that secret soft and low."

The sage's counsel, to the letter, Was followed, and the youth grew better—A willow tree had, word for word, The dangerous secret from him heard!

It was soon after these events
That, in the ways of Providence,
The King's musician—Craftine named—
For highest skill most justly famed,
Having his old harp broken, went
To make another instrument.
Where should he, of all places, go
But to that very wood, you know!
And choose the self-same willow tree
That held the whispered mystery!

Home did he then the timber take,
And straight of it a clairseach make,
But, when 'twas fashioned, strung and tuned,
One only strain it ever crooned—
One only strain, that said, alas!
"King Lairé's ears are those of an ass!"
"King Lairé's ears are those of an ass!"
"King Lairé's ears are those of an ass!"
Quite thunderstruck, as well he might,
Grew Craftine. Could he hear aright?
He brought his brother harpers round;
They touched the strings, but not a sound
From any hand but these would pass:
"King Lairé's ears are those of an ass!"

Now, far and wide did spread the tale, To reach the King it did not fail; And, sending for the minstrel, he Desired the famous harp to see, Commanding that it should be played, That he might hear the words it said. Craftine obeyed. The strings awoke, And forth the fatal secret broke! His Majesty now saw his error, And nearly swooned with shame and terror. He said: "I know that Heaven has sent On mo this bitter punishment, For all the crimes my guilty pride Has wrought!"-and here the Monarch sighed. "I know I've no excuse to offer For all I've made my subjects suffer; My locks no more shall fall below-Those ears, henceforth, I'll freely show; Exposed before you they shall be, So far's my crown may let you see !"

CRAFTINE, (Aside):
"A crown, indeed, is much the surest cover
To hide an ass's ears the world all over!"

STRIPES AND STARS.

I.

A BLUFF John Bull upon a tour,
Came to America,
And, meeting there an Irish boor,
With covert sneer did say:
"Now, Paddy, can you tell—I cawn't—
Why Yankees sport that flag?
What mean those Stripes and Stars, that flaunt
Upon the motley rag?"

II.

"Indeed, and sure, I think I can;
It's plain enough to me,
And every woman, child and man
That knows the A B C.
You see, Sir, when it was no joke,
Some eighty years ago,
Between you and them Yankee folk
That now those colors show,

TII.

There came a day when o'er the say
Ye beat a quick retreat;
And proud and free America
Rose up upon her feet.
'Twas then her own brave flag she raised—
And, be the mighty wars!—
There's just the Stripes she gave ye, placed
Beside her own bright Stars!

THE TWO SCULPTORS.

[A LEGEND OF FLORENCE.]

Scenc-A Sculpton's Studio.

I.

IT was a world, so cold and white,
But all in grace and beauty moulded—
So colorless, and yet so bright,
The eye might crave no more delight
Than only to behold it—
As if before our mortal sight
A dreamland were unfolded.

m.

A land so strangely calm and fair!

Those charméd forms in silent grouping,
Though motionless, were soulful there:
Some tower in god-like grandeur rare,
From heights immortal stooping;
And some with soft and pensive air
Are low in slumber drooping.

III.

It seems as if by magic spell
From out that spirit clime had faded
The glowing hues, the vivid swell,
That in its every pulse did dwell,
When hand Eternal made it;
And o'er it deadliest pallor fell,
And deepest silence shaded.

IV.

But lovely, still, albeit the doom—
Oh! yet more touching and more tender—
Thus, in the whiteness of the tomb,
Than earth's most glowing, dazzling bloom
Its aspect e'er could render,
Diviner, subtler glories loom
Through all its mystic wonder.

v.

Proudly the Sculptor stood apart,
Alone, amid that fair creation,
And in those airy forms of Art
Behold the children of his heart
With deep and fond clation;
Around he saw himself engirt
By dreams of inspiration.

VI.

Exultingly at length he said:

"Be it proclaimed in song and story,
No leaf or flower the wreath shall shed
That decks to-day this artist head
With proud and deathless glory—
No rival now have I to dread
Through all the ages hoary!

VII.

"Let him appear whose cunning hand
From mine shall win the palm undying:
Here, I, the mighty master stand,
And challenge send throughout the land,
The skillfulest defying!"
Ere long unto his stern command
This missive came replying:

VIII.

"Yes, there is one, despite thy vaunt,
Who dares the lists to enter truly;
No caitiff he whom words may daunt."
Behold! a stranger, grim and gaunt,
Arrived in Florence newly,
And with unmoved, unswerving front
Sought out the Sculptor, duly.

IX.

"From distant climes, at thy behest,
A nameless stranger here repairing,
Now feareth not to stand the test,
And vows to prove his claim the best,
Although no trophies bearing."
Thus spoke the nameless stranger-guest,
With brow and eye of daring!

χ.

"Now, when shall come our game of skill?"
He said, in hollow tones appalling.
"Our subject?" as he muttered still,
A laugh, as of a silver rill,
Upon the ear came falling;
And music-words were heard to thrill,
In love and gladness calling.

XI.

And, lo! the portal wide was flung,
And two fair forms came onward, dancing—
The Sculptor's wife and little son,
With crimson bloom their cheeks upon,
Gold locks, and blue eyes glancing—
"Ha! ha!" the stranger cried, anon,
Unto the group advancing.

XII.

"That artist shall have glorious meed Who incarnates this vision glowing; And should it be, in sooth, decreed That sculptured marble e'er succeed This child and dame in showing, "T will surely be a wondrous deed Of subtlest Art's bestowing!"

XIII.

Then spoke the husband and the sire,
Unto his grizzly rival turning:
"Thy boasting brings me little ire;
And freely all thou dost desire
I grant—albeit with warning,
That he who highest doth aspire
May win the most of scorning."

XIV.

Replied the stranger, grim and wan:

"Three days I ask for my endeavor—
Three days—then, when the evening sun
Upon the horizon waxes dun,
My task shall well be over."

The Sculptor smiled: "Three days alone?"

"Yes, yes! I do not waver,

XV.

"Thou'lt see the two thou lov'st so well Wrought out in all perfection rarely; More lovely they than words may tell, As bright and pure as lily bell In dewy morning early—Soft cheeks, fair limbs, in rounded swell, Of marble clear and pearly!"

XVI.

As thus he said, beneath his eye
The two fair creatures seemed to wither;
Somewhat aghast, and somewhat shy,
Like startled fawns they both stood by,
And paler grew together.
The Sculptor, too—he knew not why—
Paced, restless, there and hither.

XVII.

As if some evil influence

The Summer air were all pervading,
And weighed adown his very sense,
With mystic terror dark and dense;
But then himself upraising:
"Bah, bah!" he cried, "why should I wince,
Their terror weakly aiding?"

XVIII.

"Ginevra and Paolo, both,"
He said, "why gaze so frightened yonder
Upon this stranger? Nothing loth
Now I he should essay, in truth,
The task that he doth ponder.
Three days will be a rapid growth
For such an artist wonder."

XIX.

Well, to his task, without delay,
Repaired that craftsman. Unmolested
In secret chamber did he stay,
And all untiring plied away,
As on the swift hours hasted,
Until the third eve's gold and grey
Upon the horizon rested.

XX.

Then came he forth with summons loud,
Upon the impatient master calling:
"Approach," he cried, "O rival proud!
And see thy pride forever bowed."
In sooth, the sight was galling!
For there, as if beneath a shroud,
In beauty strange, appalling,

XXI.

Lay child and mother, marble pale,
And lying, as in sleep, enchanted.

Had Art before in wildest tale
Of such a marvel vaunted!

With dimming eyes, and limbs that fail,
And in his ears a funeral wail,
By some strange terror haunted,

XXII.

Came closer to the sculptured two,

The one who loved them best and nearest.

Why grows his cheek so pale of hue?

Why starts upon his brow the dew?

Say, master, what thou fearest.

The grizzly stranger near him drew:

"Whose claim is now the fairest?"

XXIII.

"Two lovely forms, though still and cold !"
With mocking laugh he could not smother,
Said, cruelly, that Phantom old:
"Go lay them both within the mould,
"The sculptur'd Child and Mother.
Ha! ha! Thou canst not, sure, withhold
The pulm from Death, my brother!"

SHADOWS.

I.

REATHE! move again! one vision of my soul undying,
As once thy glory, sun-bright, showered on me—
From out the heart's wild storms and hopes in ruins lying,
Come in thy radiant immortality!
There are strange, hideous forms around me darkly creeping,
So long! so long! these things of woe and gloom,
There are such nameless pangs in this my weeping,
I cannot choose, but shudder at the doom!

II.

And ever with this voiceless, breathless, weary longing,
Stretch out my hands in one faint murmured prayer,
Back, back to that dear land where golden dreams were thronging,
Ere yet its sky was darkened by despair.
Be hushed! be hushed, a moment, Fate's unpitying clamor—
Oh, fade, dark shapes, in mercy, quickly fade—
One look, one tone, with all the olden glamour,
Although it be an echo and a shade.

III.

One moment in the pureness of that mystic feeling,
Wearing the light of its eternity;
One moment in the silence of that hushed revealing,
Breathing through height and depth its melody;
The breath of spring-buds in the low breeze softly dying,
Encircles thee, O shadow dim and dear,
Heart beats to heart in faintly murmured sighing,
Forgetting doubt, and wrong, and quivering fear!

IV.

My spirit bursts the thousand fetters chaining,
And stands again with thine to soar on high;
Again! again! those wondrous eyes are raining
Down dews of fondness on me, as in days gone by!
And memory comes with all her sweet bells ringing
Around me peals that rush of silver sound;
Faint rapturous whispers from the far-off bringing,
Within the circle of the holy ground!

DEATH.

Τ.

PON the marble face of Death,
In all the agony of life,
We gaze with quivering, stifled breath,
And passion's awful inward strife.
Why do they lie so cold and still?
Can nought disturb that silence dread?
Nor word, nor look, nor touch can thrill—
They are dead! they are dead!

II.

Ah! there with Death's own pallid hue,
We see the love that we have slain;
We call in tones that once it knew,
But call, and shrick, and pray in vain!
It will not speak, it will not move,
The silence, stillness, fall so dread;
It will not speak, nor look, nor move—
It is dead!

"IMPLORA PACE."

ī.

MPLORA PACE!" Still the thunder crashes
Night and day within this trembling soul,
And the red lightning shoots and seathes in myriad flashes,
Marking each verdant spot with death and dole;
And through the lightless caverns of this heart dark waters rush,
And wear their way, with deep, resistless power,
Bearing within us that wild, o'ermast'ring crush
The strength and hope that might have met the hour.

II.

"Implora Pace?" Every link is cloven,
Every green leaf scattered to the blast,
And the gold curtain, o'er the future woven,
Rended, to show the future like the past!
All, all, or youth's fair flowery wreath, or glory's starry crown,
Each thought and throb that seemed divine of yore
Flit through the rolling whirlwind, bearing down
Terrific now on Life's cold, dreary shore.

III.

"Implora Pace!" Golden dreams have fed me,
Sea-toned voices of triumphal song,
Bright glimmerings of a light that might have led me,
Ordeal-girded, through the ranks of wrong;
And now, 'mid wreck and ruin, one prayer alone I pour—
Not for the victor's might, or victor's pride—
One heart wrung prayer that cehoes o'er and o'er,
And asks nought else from God or man beside.

IV.

"Implora Pace!" Wheresoe'er thou pointest,
So that spring-breath fall again on me,
So thou, with healing hand, this weary heart annointest,
There, with joy most bounding, would I flee.
"Implora Pace!" Wild, imploring sighs ascend above;
I pray not summer's light or summer's bloom,
But this alone from all thy ruth and love:
"Implora Pace!" be it in the tomb.

MYSTERIES.

MORTAL once, in an hour of pride,
Looked into that gulf so deep and wide—
The fathomless gulf of the human heart—
Then turned away with a start;
For terrible sights were there to see
Of grief, and gloom, and mystery.
Wandering on and wandering ever,
With wild and mad and vain endeavor,
Through murky caves, through dædal ways,
Where sunlight never sheds its rays,
Where hollow, mournful murmurs call,
And spectral footsteps fall.

Then a voice in warning said:
"Leave thou that search, so dark and dread,
Call them not into shape and form.
Those shadowy things of flame and storm;
Look in the sea, and look on the earth,
O'er ruin, and wreek, and dearth;
Pierce the red volcano's gloom,
The depths of the noisome, icy tomb,

And even the far-off, dire abyss Where fiery scrpents sting and hiss— But shut, with a strong and speedy hand, The gate of that strange land.

Hide it, oh, hide it, as best may be, Or woe, eternal woe to thee! Cover it over with summer flowers. Through all thy life-long weary hours; Gaze through those veils alone that hung Before it, ere that knell was rung— Seek not thy spirit wings From those terrific things: Strive to still and strive to crush Within thy soul the tempest rush That craves for knowledge and for power To place thee on the lofty tower. These are the treasures of the deep, Which fearful monsters watch and keep! Away! away! where beams the sun; Now kneel in prayer, thou mortal one, Hear the words, so solemn—dread— In Love and Mercy to thee said!

THE PRUSSIANS BEFORE PARIS.

I.

(RIM, plodding Teuton! fiery Celt!

With natures clashing like their swords,
Hate meeting hate with deadly grasp,
They stand the fierce, opposing hordes—
Set face to face, and hand to hand,
Upon this dreadful day of ire,
While every red-hot cannon's mouth
Now bellows forth its curses dire.

II.

Victors without a victory!

Ye vanquished all unvanquished still!
We know how iron force may be

Met by the iron of the will.
The deadly stroke may still descend,

The bolts of doom upon her fall;
But France, undying to the end,

With haughty front, defies it all!

III.

She cannot stoop—she cannot die—
The electric fire is deep within;
Though brute, relentless force may try,
A triumph it shall never win.
Bring all your soldiers to the field—
With all your "science"-might advance—
Yet still before you ne'er shall yield,
The soul of proud, immortal France!

IV.

Her hour will come—majestic calm—
The land of Joan again shall rise;
And, bearing in her hand the palm,
Sit throned and crowned in queenly guise.
Her lilies, trampled to the earth,
Shall spring aloft in snowy bloom,
The lovelier in their second birth,
From out the depth of silent gloom!

136 EDOM.

EDOM.*

I.

THE smile of day is sad
Upon thy desolation and thy doom;
The light that on the desert sands was glad
Now o'er thy cold grey walls doth mournful fade;
Wrapp'd up in shadows, one vast low'ring tomb,
Dark with th' Almighty power thou'st prostrate laid.

II.

No more, no more in thee
Shall tones of triumph or of joy be heard;
But those who gaze upon thee silently,
And with a strange, deep awe, shall rest the eye
On those proud colonnades and arches reared
From out the rock, "O thou who dwell'st on high!"

III.

Now dim, and cold, and still

The dwellings and the fanes, once quick of old,
With pomp and mirth, and harp and cymbal's swell;
Thy lamps are quench'd, low whispers shuddering fill
The spot where vengeance doth its kingdom hold,
And where was rung forgiveness' dreadful knell!

IV.

Yet thou remainest strong,

Oh, dweller on the cliffs that crown the waste;

A monument of mortal pride and wrong,

In scornful sorrow there the sands among,

A fallen queen o'er deserts wild and vast,

There in thine arrogance through ages long.

^{*}See Stephens, an American traveller, for a description of the rulus of Ldom.

EDOM. 137

v.

Time hath no power to bide

Within thy precincts; here no crumbling trace May show that o'er thee did his footsteps glide.

The conqueror of Earth, he left thy pride
To him who o'er the swiftest, mightiest pace
Of Time or Death doth all triumphant ride.

VI.

Thou seem'st ev'n as of yore,
Still tow'r in royal might thy proud abodes,
With propylon and capitol that bear the lore
Of Age's grandeur; but no more! no more!
Thy palaces have kings nor temples gods—
O little one of nations! here let man adore.

VII.

The slimy lizard crawls,

With bright and glancing eye, from dome to dome,
Across the twisted pillars and cold walls,

And through the lofty vacant shrines and halls;
No beings else within those chambers roam,

No other footsteps on the silence falls.

viii.

The dusty day-beams peep
Through wreathed arch and winding gallery,
Filled up with solemn thoughts and shadows deep,
That through the death-still void all faintly creep,
And strange and thrilling, like a spirit's sigh,
In dimmed nooks and lone recesses sleep.

IX.

Each vast and high areade
And voiceless chamber, heavy with deep awe,
Seems musing darkly in its giant shade;
And all around the silence down is weighed
By echoes of the past, still murmuring low,
And something faint that whispers of the dead.

138 EDOM.

x.

Those gorgeous pillars rise
With cunning trac'ry of primeval hands,
In noble skill, unto the azure skies
That look with solemn pity on the wreck that lies,
Of pride and glory hid, 'mid scorching sands,
Marking the wrath on high in morning guise.

XT.

What wert thou, haughty one?
Didst thou not strain unto the shimmering stars?
Have not thy banners waved, thine armor shone,
Thy princes o'er the wide earth fiercely gone,
And reddened it with desolating wars,
Till all the darkness of their ire was done?

XII.

I see the levin rush
Of glittering swords and spears and steel-elad men,
That shout exulting in their triumph's flush,
And through the air proud strains of music gush,
And chariots roll, and glowing wreaths are strewn:
Then falleth on the scene a mighty hush.

TITY

And, 'mid that hush, behold!

A conqueror comes forth upon his steed,
With bearing ev'n as of no mortal mould,
In all the blazonry of silks and gold;
Hath he not won his valor's noble meed?
The dust hath o'er the homes of Judah roll'd.

XIV

But, lo! a voice hath spoke:

"O Bosra, woe to thee in all thy purple pride!"

And now the avenging hosts have onward broke,

The sharp steel gleams, the thunder hath awoke,

The war-fiend's breath blows hotly far and wide—

What truth is peal'd to thee amid the shock?

XV.

"Thou'lt know I am the Lord!"
In terror and in flame that sound is borne;
'Tis writ in blood, 'tis flash'd from out the sword—
Loud, loud and deep is heard the mighty word—
The wrathful vial o'er thy head is poured,
For thee, proud daughter of the earth, to mourn!

XVI.

The warrior bands of might—
Behold the palms are now more strong than they;
The whispering wind that follows on the night
Is louder than the tones that led the fight;
Where sleep thy Kings and Princes of the potent sway?
"With the uncircumcised," in darkest night!

XVII.

And thou art dread to see,
With malediction brooding on thy walls,
The sons of men with shuddering look on thee,
And pass along enwrapt and silently:
An awful voice still lingers in thy halls,
"Accursed among the nations shalt thou be !"

ÆTERNITAS.

Τ.

SEEK thee on the wild wings of love and pain,
With a subtle striving;
By the deep passion of my spirit riving,
The dungeon and chain,
And I pierce through the silent gloom
That wraps thee, as in the tomb!

II.

All space is filled with thee, like the winds and sun, And I feel thy presence

As a strange, mournful, mysterious essence, Mine only one!

While alone and apart we stand, Thou and I, in the shadowy land.

On her thousand rushing wings?

TII.

Are we not one, by many a secret sign,

Breathing and burning;

By the vast, boundless agony of yearning,

Both thine and mine?

By all that memory brings

ıv.

Have we not stood together on the verge
Of the far Eternal,
And felt its breezes blowing calm and vernal,
Its waters surge?
While all the golden bars
Were raised from the sun and stars.

v.

Through the clear, crystal glory of our dream
Shone pure and glowing
All mysteries from the far Elysian flowing,
With dazzling gleam.
Immortal, then, we knew
The link that bound us two.

VI.

My love hath been to thee what none may know,
Mystic and holy;
Clothed in the whiteness that a spirit solely
Above can show.
In the light of the heavenly place
I might stand with thee, face to face.

VII.

And I have thought of thee, each thought a prayer,
With deep adoring;
All the rich vials of my life outpouring
Their incense rare—
Thy beauty as I saw,
With hushed religious awe.

VIII.

We have no part in mortal change or time,

For us the portal
Opes wide and wondrous of the land immortal,
Far off—sublime—
Infinity can but hold
The Love and the Truth untold.

TX.

The gates of Hope and Joy have closed behind,
With a clang of thunder;
Over the wild, bleak waste, in mournful wonder,
I fled as the wind;
Till on the Eternal shore
I heard the deep ocean's roar.

x.

There I await thee while the ages be,
Mine own for ever—
Mine by a bond that power of none may sever—
Eternity
Shall be for us the sphere
Of all Time whispered here!

142 ALICE.

ALICE.

A PORTRAIT.

I.

THERE she stands, so calm and meek,
With the rose-tint on her cheek.
Ruby lips apart to speak—
Pretty Alice!

TT.

Chestnut locks fall thick below
On the slender neck of snow,
In those eyes a tender glow—
Lovely Alice!

III.

Like an osier o'er the stream, See, she bends, as in a dream, Brightly as a glad sunbeam— Graceful Alice!

TV.

Shadows flit, but leave no trace
On the sweet and nymph-like face,
Where all glorious thoughts have place—
Fairest Alice!

ν.

Now she springs, with fawn-like glee, O'er the mead, so light and free, Loving bird and flower and tree— Guileless Alice! VI.

Silver clear her laughter rings, Like a rushing stream that flings Down the hills its tuneful springs— Merry Alice!

VII.

Oh, so soft that voice's tone, Like the young trees' breezy moan, Who may not be charmed and won— Gentle Alice!

VIII.

Thou hast joy and youth and love— Sweetest blessings from above— A thousand more be o'er thee wove, Darling Alice!

AN ADJURATION.

ī.

DEPART, depart, oh, golden dream!
Thou art too dear to me—
A joy so fearful and so wild,
So deep a mystery!

τī.

Thy spell is on the summer sky,
The golden fruit and flowers,
And as one long and heavy sigh
Thou mak'st the passing hours.

III.

I sit amid the closing shades
Of this lone, silent eve;
And strive—but, oh, with striving vain—
The fetters to unweave.

IV.

So happy am I for awhile,
And yet so sad again,
A thousand throbs are in my heart
Of mingled bliss and pain.

٧.

A joy—but 'tis a joy like that The fairy-favored know— A grief—but yet a grief unlike All other griefs below.

IV.

The shadows are too sombre far
That o'er me flit and fall,
The light too brilliant and too glad—
I cannot bear it all!

MEMORY.

I.

THOSE eyes still haunt me with their deep love-light, Bright as the day-beams, pure as the stars of night, Looking on mine with love so true and tender, With a warm, treasure-like and holy splendor.

II.

Thou brought'st me joy to prize so long and well— Thoughts of thee only brought ev'ry tear that fell; Life's fairest hour was in our first dear greeting, Darkest of all, our last and lonely meeting.

III.

I dream that sweet dream o'er and o'er again, Cold though my life be, yet will that spell remain, Beats still my heart as wildly, fondly, truly As when our bappy love was blooming newly.

TV.

Most dear of all in long past hopeless years; Dearer than ever, now 'mid those bitter tears, Worshipped and treasured with such deep devotion, Fair, precious gem, in Life's dark, troubled ocean!

WORDS.

I.

NAY, tell me not, ah! tell me not, "in sooth 'tis but a word,"
No deeper wound hath e'er been given by keen Damascus
sword

Than by those words which forth leap out from Passion's furnace born.

Aimed at the quivering, writhing heart in obloquy and scorn.

II.

Ay, words there are whose lightest stroke will cleave through heart and brain,

And leave that mark of blackness there till life be rent in twain, That glide like poison through the blood, pervade the earth and air,

And cast o'er life for evermore the shadow of despair.

TTT.

Words! words! no darker curse hath e'er upon the earth appeared,

Than that which on their airy wings the human soul hath sear'd. Though years on years roll on and on, yet will the sting remain, Which every art to charm away hath oft been tried in vain!

THE STORM.

T.

THE voice of God is in the blast, His power is in the sky; Denunciations dark and dread, With rapid wing, sweep by.

II.

The mighty trees bow down their heads
In horror and alarm;
They know who "guides the whirlwind,"
And "rides upon the storm!"

III.

That vivid flash from Heaven's own eye
It cleaves the troubled air—
And now a roaring, crackling peal
Spreads onward there—and there!

IV.

The white foam dashes through the night,
The Sea a-raging lies—
It striveth, in its maniac strength,
To combat with the skies—

77

To speed like conqueror in his pride, And seek a new domain— To humble down his sister, Earth, And bind her with a chain.

VI.

All, all ye arms of Nature's might, Ye are the work of One! And ye are guided by His hand, And by His will alone!

THE DREAM OF EDEN.*

W OE to thee, Azra, woe!
No more for thee the rose shall blow,
No more for thee the palm-tree grow,
Never a green spot bloom within,
Where thou may'st rest the weary wing.
The spell is writ on stars and moon,
And blazes in the light of noon;
All, height and breadth and depth below
Seems not too mighty for that woe;
It girdles round the earth and sea
Mine all-embracing agony!

Ten thousand throbs of hope and joy Are now as arrows to destroy.

The dewy thoughts of one sweet hour Descend in memory's fiery shower
Upon my heart, upon my brain;
But plaint and prayer are all in vain.
Age on age has rolled
Since that knell accursed toll'd,
But its voice seems never ending,
With all other voices blending—
Never, never stilled or done,
Sound and echo knelling on!

Woe to thee, Azra, woe!
Once for thee the rose did blow,
Once for thee the palm-tree grow;
And sweet, silent nooks of green
Had thy soul for thoughts serene;
Golden dreams, on rapid wing,
Swept the breezes of the spring;

^{*}This poem was suggested by an Eastern legend, which tells of a powerful monarch, who, having discovered that the Garden of Eden still existed, came to its gate with an invading army, and attempted to force an entrance, despite the fiery sword of the Cherubim.

All the glowing mysterics
Seeming in the earth and skies
Rushed before thy dazzled sight,
Curtained in a veil of light.
But a change came slowly stealing
O'er thy spirit-sight:
Mystic voices, low revealing,
Whispered in the night.
And a form before me shone,
The radiant Angel of the Sun,
Making all earth's flowers grow pale,
Earthly music but a wail,
Showing to my dazzled eye
The dream of a far, immortal sky.

Woe to thee, Azra, woe!
To seek that Eden here below.
Far off, far off, since the primal day
There in the solitude deep it lay,
Since the hour when its bright ones fled away.
Might not mortal win its bloom
Once again from night and doom?
And the mighty curse despite
Bask in the bowers of Eden's light!

Woe to thee, Azra, woe!
A sweet voice whispered, "Thou shalt go!"
Glad as the breeze of the opening morn,
Swift was my soul on the wild waves borne
Over the desert away, away!
On to the realms of another day,
Then low moans and murmurs came,
Specks of darkness, sparks of flame,
Mystic dreamings, strange and deep,
Forms that flit through troubled sleep,
Till, before the frowning gate,
Stood we two, with souls elate.

Through the clouds that darkly covered,
Through the brooding curse that hovered,
Wildly, madly rushed we on,
Deeming bliss and Eden won.
Sudden from the lurid gloom
Flashed the fiery sword of Doom—
And the lightning round was flashing,
And the thunder-peal was crashing,
Till, blasted and crushed by that mighty pain,
I fell with the darkness and brand of Cain!

Woe to thee, Azra, woe!
The bright shape stood no more below;
But deep and loud a voice is heard,
Seething fire in every word:
"Never again to mortal eyes
Can be unclosed earth's Paradise.
No more! no more! Eternal fate
Stands now, as ever, at the gate,
And unto him the doom shall be
Again who hopes and strives as thee!"

HOME-REST.

I.

THEY speak of the fame that is round me shed,
But I care for its light no more;
The spell of that voice is for ever fled,
Which, perchance, I had prized before.
With the emerald wreath they may deck my brow,
To the lyre of the minstrel due;
Vain is it all to my fond heart now—
I turn from their praise to you!

71.

Yes, wearied of all, thus I come to thee,
O most dear on the earth below;
Dark, dark were my way if I might not flee,
And rest in thy bosom so.
As the wandering bird that will panting come
From its flight o'er the stormy sea,
To rest its wing in a shady home,
So, darling, I fly to thee!

III.

O pulse of my heart! 'tis thy love alone
That can bring aught of joy to me;
All the glory and power that have e'er been worn
I would spurn for one glance from thee.
As the sage will read on the midnight skies
To learn what his fate may be,
Spell-bound I gaze on those loving eyes,
The stars of my destiny!

TO MARIA.

A VALENTINE.

т.

THE stars of Heaven are in your eyes,
The breath of summer in your sighs,
A Grecian purity and grace
In every feature of your face.

II.

In every tone there's music's spell, As if from angel lips it fell, A sylph-like play in every move, Light as the winds that round us rove. III.

Ah me! that every gift so rare Should only add to my despair. How can I hope to win and wear The very fairest of the fair?

IV.

Maria! have you ever stood, To gaze upon the silver flood Meandering in sportive play, So beauteously upon its way?

V

Have you remarked the pearly dew, In purity resembling you? And have you heard two turtle-doves Telling each other of their loves?

VI

Say, have you heard of "bosky dells,"
Of purling streams and evening bells?
And have you heard, belovéd one!—
Have you ever heard of "The Blarney Stone?"

LINES

FOUND WRITTEN ON THE WALL OF A PRISON CELL,

т.

RUINED hopes! O ruined brain!
O breaking heart that breaks in vain!
I hear ye tell that all is past,
Amid the blackness wild and vast.
I hear strange murmurs o'er and o'er,
Cold phantoms flit mine eyes before,
And, 'mid the 'wildering maze, I hear
The bell of Fate toll loud and clear!

152 LINES.

п.

I had sweet thoughts, I had sweet dreams, Of gold and azure's mingling gleams, I had deep throbs that shook my breast; But now 'tis all an icy rest.

I have no sighs, I have no tears,
I have no clashing hopes or fears,
I have no thoughts but one alone,
That all is lost and all is gone!

III.

O broken heart! O ruined brain! For you there comes no rest again; Far off, far off, to lands unknown, All dark and dim I soar alone.

Afar, afar, from star to star,
Through those strange gates that hang ajar,
Away! away! 'till mortal eyo
In vain endeavors to desery.

TV.

O broken heart! O ruined brain!
Thou knowest the madness and the pain;
There is no green spot in the waste,
There is no drop of balm to taste,
For memory stretches forth her wand,
And all is now a frozen land—
Where crowds of nameless, shapeless things
Are hovering round on rushing wings.

v.

Yet, once for me, amid the gloom,
Some flowers of Hope were taught to bloom;
Sweet visions through the whirlwind sung,
For passion still was warm and young;
And, borne on pleasure's tidal wave,
I knew not Earth contained a grave—
Believing, dreaming, bounding on,
Till all was lost and all was gone!

IV.

O broken heart! O ruined brain!
Look back no more—ye look in vain;
From out the past sharp arrows fly
Of mute and nameless agony.
Above thy youth, thy hopes, thy all,
There lies a heavy, sable pall;
There is no hope—there is no sign—
"Tis silence all for fate like thine!

SOLITUDE.

ī.

DWELL alone in a castle of pride, Dim and remote, and grand, and wide: Alone through the stately halls I glide, My own gray shadow to stand beside.

II.

Heavily hangs the mystic gloom Over each vast and silent room— Silent and cold as the very tomb, And stamped with the stamp of a mighty doom.

III.

There, in that castle old and gray, Moulder the days of my youth away, With never a flower to bloom by day, And never a star at night to play.

IV.

Refuge or rest for me is none, Save only that castle so dark and lone, There, where the winds of the winter moan, And Fate sits grim on her iron throne!

TO THE WANDERING WIND.

1

O SWEET wind, speed across the wave
As fast as fast as may be;
There's some one there that would be glad
To hear some news of me.

II.

He's lonely, lonely now, I know— And how his heart would swell To hear these kindly messages From one who loves him well!

III.

Thou wilt be sweeter to his ear
Than music's sweetest tone;
An' thou wilt breathe those whisperings
I pour to him—my own!

IV.

Oh, say to him the world is cold, And I might never dare To trust unto its cruel hands This secret dear and rare.

٧.

D.'t thou, sweet wind, for him will be An angel voice to cheer, And tell him every sorrowing throb, And every hope and fear, VI.

And how this heart has pined, alas!

For many a weary day,

And known no rest, or peace or joy

Since he was torn away;

VII.

And how it beat for him alone
When we were side by side,
And how ev'n warmer, truer still,
Though angry seas divide;

VIII.

And, though sad years may roll away,
That I'll be true and leal;
'Tis Death's strong hand alone can break
That dear and sacred seal.

IX.

Then, breathe upon him, gentle wind,
And kiss his eheek and brow,
And softly wave above his head
The green o'erhanging bough.

x.

And tell him that I hear them say
This land is lovely still,
But all is dark and drear to me,
In valley or on hill;

XI.

That earth has but one happy spot—Wherever he may be,
And that where he is not, is all
A dismal wasto to me.

XII.

Yet, leave him not, oh, loving wind, Wi:hout one whisper more, Too faint for mortal kind to hear, Too prized aloud to pour.

XIII.

Speak, speak unto his inmost soul
The deepest thoughts of mine,
And then bring back across the sea
Some tender, secret sign!

A YEARNING VOICE.

I.

FROM the breeze a sigh, from the flowers a smile, As they gave to me in the days erewhile; From the morning sun one golden beam, As upon me shone in my childhood's dream.

TT.

From the past one tone of its melody, Like summer dews to the withering tree, I sigh for now as I muse alone, With Joy and Hope from my pathway flown.

III.

From the fluttering leaves a low, kindly voice, As once they bade me in life rejoice, From the heart that throbs in my weary breast One little moment of gentle rest,

IV.

From the present a draught of oblivion's spring, That my thoughts no more to one memory cling, From friend and foe forgetfulness, And, dying, my words shall be but to bless.

A DREAM OF THE ARCTIC SEAS. *

I.

BORNE on the wings of a strong desire,
As if by the rushing wind,
Cleaving the pathway of blue and fire.
That world I sought to find—
The desert of icy dome and column,
Of silence and darkness dread,
Where, from Nature's cheek in death-trance solemn,
Color and warmth have fied.

II.

Piercing the gloom of the dense eclipse,
Fast bound on the spreading floe,
Seen are the men and the tall proud ships,
Black-shadowed amidst the snow,
Veterans, grey in long enduring,
Bronze-cast in a Titan mould,
And youth, with its dreams and hopes alluring,
In its glow of molten gold.

III.

Under the shade of the beetling crags,
Clear cut on the steel-blue sky,
Hemmed by treacherous, smooth ice flags,
Patient and calm they lie.
Around them now are the depths awaking,
A cry as of pain and strife;
The fettered fountains are slowly breaking
Their way unto light and life.

^{*}See Narratives of the Expeditions of Sir John Franklin, and subsequent Arctic explorers.

IV.

Past is that midnight of watching and fears,
And now o'er the heaving skies
The silent tumult of dawn appears
In gorgeous and glowing dyes.
Swift, amid varying smiles and blushes,
The violet clouds unfold,
Till up to his throne the day-god rushes,
In pomp of flame unrolled!

٧.

But that high faith that will dare and cope,
At length they have proudly won;
The massy portals before them ope
To the glittering keys of the sun.
And now on that track, so brightly glowing,
By favoring breezes fanned,
On where the stream is freely flowing
Anear to the promised land!

VI.

Grim is the frown of the Arctic King,
Sternly he forgeth his chains;
But vain his power o'er the bounding spring,
So warm within those veins.
Swift is the sail, on its smooth way gliding,
Swelled by the pulse of the brave,
And the voices of fame and duty guiding
Over the dreary wave.

VII.

Here, at the goal, the victor stands—
Here with the dream fulfilled;
But why, with nerveless and cold-clasped hands,
And voices strangely stilled,
Hover around him, pale and tearful,
The tried and trusted band?
What are the words, so low and fearful,
That scorch like burning brand?

XIII.

Ah! the kind eyes of the guide and seer,
Say not they are dark and dim;
Seeth he not with a vision clear,
Far o'er that icy rim!
Woe is our lot! he looketh yonder,
The shadows of pain on his brow—
To another home and land of wonder
His good ship turned the prow.

TX.

Mockingly sparkled the false cold light
On the icy tomb of the chief,
And over the desert, vast and white,
Strong men dropped down in grief;
Low on the mast the colors are trailing,
Low as the hopes of the brave,
And the death-peal sounds, 'mid tears and wailing,
Over that Arctic grave!

x.

Here on the breast of the frozen pack,
Where the chasm is deep and wide,
Yawning before them wintry black
The mourners stand side by side;
Down in the depths a heart-wrung moaning
Over the vanished clay,
And now the last prayer in its sad intoning
Dies on the breeze away!

XI.

Mourn him not that with dauntless hand,
Through the world's dark strife and wrong,
Loving and loyal, and calm and grand,
He hath borne that torch along—
The torch that hath lighted the gloom of the ages,
Of knowledge and purpose high,
Held on through the ranks of the heroes and sages
Whose lot was to struggle and die!

XII.

For the last throb of that noble breast,

The stillness and cold of death.

In quick'ning flame to the world hath passed,

A new and strong life-breath.

Far better the sorrow on high that raises,

To the light of a purer day,

Than the joy which often the soul abases

To the level of human clay!

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

ī.

DOWN by the pathway faintly blue
That slopes from the Eastern gate,
Trails the white robe upon our globe
Of a monarch in royal state.
O merry, merry Christmas,
O time of sunless snow,
When the starry worlds are brightest,
And the North winds laughing blow!

II.

With the bounding step of early youth
He hurries upon his way;
Around him troop a joyous group
Who care not for June or May.
For merry, merry Christmas
Of the dazzling ice and snow,
And the holly and ivy shining,
Is pleasanter far I know.

III.

He waves around his sceptred hand,
And sorrow and sin must flee;
In that magic ring that girts the king
No evil has power to be.
O merry, merry Christmas,
When sacred hearth-fires glow,
And music and song and laughter
Around them, at evening, glow!

IV.

In vain, in vain the dead years rise,
And whisper, "we, too, have been!"
They may mean and wail, but we'll hear no tale
From such phantoms cold, I ween.
For 'tis merry," merry Christmas,
And though never a rose may blow,
Yet the green leaves dance and glitter
Through the wreaths of the spotless snow!

THE LOVER KING.

I.

"ITE said: 'I am a crowned King,
Maiden, gentle maiden!
And I love the loveliest flower of spring,
Thou'lt be my bride, sweet maiden?'
Then the words that once thou heardst from mo
Were spoken, spoken,
And the sacred vow I made to thee
Was broken, broken!

II.

"Thy rival has a brow of pride, So fearful—oh, so fearful! And I turned at first from his glance aside, All shuddering and tearful. But the deep, sad darkness of his eyes
Grew dearer, dearer,
As I drew, with hushing, throbbing sighs,
Still nearer, nearer.

III.

"Yes! I was thine, but that is o'er—
That past is dimmed and faded;
I'll rest no more at the cottage door,
By the clustering ivy shaded.
Thy love I know how true and warm,
For ever, ever;
But couldst thou break this mighty charm?
Oh, never, never!

IV.

"He holds my hand within his own,
He, my lord and lover,
And his clasp is as cold as the marble stone,
But it will loosen never.
He tears the wreath from off my brow,
In showers, in showers—
'Thy crown shall be of the star-gems now,
Not flowers, pale flowers!'

"Our lips are pressed in that solemn plight—
Strange, the passionate greeting
Maketh my cheek not red, but white,
Through all this wild heart-beating.
Hark! I hear his step again,
Low falling, falling,
And his voice is not in vain,
Still calling, calling!"

LOOKING IN.

I.

THE shadows of the evening gather faintly,
Grey and pensive, on the mountain and the plair,
Bringing memories of the dead time, sad and saintly,
Blended strangely in a low, funeral strain.

II.

Oh, that thought the earth and ocean all pervading, Brooding ever, or in sunshine or in rain, Tingeing all the wide horizon with its shading, Killing slowly with the poison of its pain.

III.

My soul's deep chords have all too high a tension,
Wrought to fineness far beyond this mortal clay;
Standing lonely on the mountain of Ascension,
Distant far I see the purer, clearer day.

IV.

Dying of the longing and the aspiration,

Dying of the sense of beauty strung to pain—

The burthen of a mighty desolation,

And the dream of that which ne'er will come again.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

r.

THE tempted wife at midnight sat alone,
And round the dreary house was heard the low wind's mean;
And dimly fell the shadows on the wall,
Of the trees outside, the windows dark and tall.

II.

She listens not, I wis, the breezy wail, Nor looks upon the tangled shadows, faint and pale, She watches for a step she should not hear, And a form that ought no longer to be dear.

III.

"My husband is a man of cruel sin;
And long and long I dreamed and hoped his heart to win,
But vain was all, through years of grief and shame,
And I east from me for aye his name and fame.

IV.

"I loved him not with youth's first holy love; But love would grow again, I said, from light above, For me, the wedded one, would now remain Of the bitter past no shade of care or pain.

٧.

"No pulse within my heart e'er beat untrue; I quenched within my soul each dream that once I knew. Through day and night I struggled with my wrong—But no more to him, the tyrant, I belong!

VI.

"My darling baby, withered at my breast,
Ah! faded as the shadow when the light is past;
Then flashed the levin bolt, the storm-wind blew,
Till from out the night of grief a dark thought grew.

VII.

"Sad, burning tears fell o'er the golden hair, The waxen-rounded cheek, so lily-soft and fair— There was a seraph gone to seek the sky, And a sinner left on earth to mourn and die.

VIII.

"Then memory rose and whispered in mine ear, Till olden feeling, long, long chilled came rushing near; Oh, not as once in garb of heavenly white, But all gloomy, black and wild as winter's night.

IX.

"From Hope's pale ashes, smouldering on the hearth, Rose up the lurid flame of Passion's second birth—Love! love!—oh, call it not, that curse so fell, That descends upon the soul like a demon spell.

Χ.

"Its grasp of iron seizes on my heart,
And from a hapless home this lone hour I depart,
Far, far away to sorrow and to sin"—
Lo! a form is there the dreary room within.

XI.

A bright star glitters through the heavy gloom; And, waving o'er her head, she sees a snowy plume; And into hers look down two eyes of blue, With the light of scraph love, so pure and true. XII.

"I am an angel near the awful throne, And from my home, to save you, hither I have flown. The babe that nestled in your breast and died Is thy guardian-spirit now, to bless and to guide!

XIII.

"The love thou gavest on earth, so strong and rare, For aye in Heaven now thy little one will share; And thou shalt fondle me another day, If this hour on bended knee thou'lt kneel and pray."

XIV.

Then slowly fades the vision from her view, The snowy, waving plume, the eyes of angel blue; And as her tears fall down in stormy rain, From her soul hath passed away the guilty stain.

PSYCHE'S DREAM.

I'N wreathéd bowers of asphodel,
Beneath that sweet and wondrous spell,
A white bird nestling in the sun,
She leans, the loved and loving one.
Soft and still in her perfect rest,
Decked by the light that warms her breast,
Calm as a May-cloud, dreaming on,
No hope, no wish—for all is won.
Two snowy wings enfold her round,
Two gentle eyes look into hers,
Bright as the day-god's brightest beams,
Pure as the holy stars—
Fathomless blue—as the glorious skies,
Veiling unspeakable mysteries!

Pale, rosy cloudlets float above, No whisper stirs the lotos leaves, But one long, golden web of light, The silence gently weaves. There is no sound, not ev'n a breath; It seems not life-yet is not death, But the everlasting dream of youth, The full content of Love, in sooth, The vision glorious and all-seeing, To pierce the heights and depths of being, The breathless hush of happiness, That cannot be more, that will ne'er be less, As if each spring of joy had met Within one vast, eternal ocean, Which there, in deep, imperial trance, Slept without wave or motion-As if no change might ever come, As if no shade could ever fall. But, bound within a magic ring, Were Time and change and all!

NEAR ME.

I.

NEAR me, near me,
This heart never knowing,
Strong as its tide for thee,
Ever is flowing.
Was there no spell
In my love or my sadness,
To bring me a moment
This one gleam of gladness?

II.

Near me, near me,
And I was still lonely,
Winds and the stars of night
Watched with thee only.
Even the dark waye
Might bound on to meet thee,
While never a welcome
From my lips might greet thee!

III.

Near me, near me,
And now it is over,
O'er hill and wild again
Thou art a rover;
But that old haunt,
So still and so heary,
Shall shine evermore
With a light and a glory!

IV.

Near me, near me,
In sorrow and danger,
Hadst thou none near to thee
But the cold stranger?
Was there no hand
Or no heart of affection,
To cheer or to cherish
With fond recollection?

ON THE HEIGHT.

I.

The warm, green world, the human world,
Ten thousand feet below;
And yet no nearer Heaven, for all
The grandeur and the glow.

II.

Far off from earth, far off from Heaven,
Beneath the river's flow,
Dim through the mist the green boughs wave,
The summer roses blow,
While on the mountain peak I stand,
Engirt with ice and snow.

III.

Far off, far off, the loving world—
The world of long ago,
The phantoms flit, all pale and faint,
As evening shadows grow—
And echoes come, with wailing sound,
From hollow depths below.

IV.

Pure, cold and calm, the starry host
Have given my soul to know
The essence of all lofty things;
But, ah! the price is woe.
The heaven of love is sealed above,
And earth is far below!

THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

ī.

(OME, Mother, come!"

Low those baby voices murmur in mine ear;

Gently, softly to the heavenly home,

Loving baby arms still draw me near.

And I, from earthly pain and grief unending,

Am beckoned onward to the purer day,

Where they, the little "shining ones," are standing,

To clasp me, freed from taint of human clay!

II.

"Stay, Mother, stay!"
Thrilling is the cry from this poor world of sin.
"We, thy earth-ones, fainting on the way,
Leave us not amid the hidcous din!"
Strong those little arms to earth enthralling—
More their need—and I must turn away
From angel smiles and angel voices calling,
To toil and wait until the allotted day!"

QUEENSLAND.

Ι.

THOU art, in sooth, a lovely land,
As fair as ever fancy painted,
In virgin freshness calm and bland,
By shadows dark untainted.
But, ah! upon that bright expanse,
The glory of a clime Elysian,
'Tis but a cold and soulless glanco
That meets the gazer's vision.

II.

No poet fancies o'er thy skies
Spread tints that hallowed live for ever;
No old tradition's magic lies
On mountain, vale and river;
There is no heart within thy breast,
No classic charm of memories hoary,
No footprint hath old Time imprest
On thee of song or story.

III.

O barren land! O blank, bright sky!
Methinks it were a noble duty
To kindle in that vacant eye
The light of spirit-beauty—
To fill with airy shapes divine
Thy lonely plains and mountains,
The orange grove, the bower of vine,
The silvery lakes and fountains.

IV.

To wake the voiceless, silent air
To soft, melodious numbers;
To raise thy lifeless form, so fair,
From those deep, spell-bound slumbers.
Oh, whose shall be the potent hand
To give that touch informing,
And make thee rise, O southern land,
To life and poesy warming?

A FAREWELL.

WOE! oh, woe!—for thee—for me,
'Twere well no day had ever dawned,
Ere this black gulf of misery
So fearfully had yawned.
The hopes, the dreams of early spring,
Beneath that withering curse are dead,
As if Azrael's sable wing
Upon the blast had sped.

II.

There is no hope from earth or sky
Upon this sea of dark despair;
Not one wild wave that dashes by
May calm for plaint or prayer.
'Tis voiceless—nameless—shapeless all,
This crushing weight on heart and brain,
Though time and change around may fall,
For this they fall in vain!

III.

Farewell, farewell, though nought might be Of wrong or woe I would not dare,
No deadly doom of agony
For those bright dreams that were.
Thou knowest, alas! 'tis all in vain,
We may not break the fearful spell,
Though heart and soul be rent in twain,
'Tis only now—farewell!

ONE JOY.

I.

MY morning dreams are sadly flown,
My thoughts are bright no more;
Hope, joy and fame from me are gone,
That fair and shining store.
The spell is fled from vale and hill,
From stream and mountain blue,
Those dreams are gone, no more to smile—
I have no dream but you!

II.

I have no dream or joy but you
Within the world to-day;
One star alone still burns as true,
To light my dreary way.
Mine were, indeed, a gloomy sky,
Without that love of thine,
And I will ask no other light
While I can call it mine,

III.

Oh, dearer than a thousand joys
That one alone to me—
'Mid precious things that time destroys
Thy love will never flee.
The lamp within the lonely tomb,
The pearl within the sea,
They are not brighter, 'mid the gloom,
Than is that love to me!

THE RUINED LYRE.

ı.

I SEIZED the lyre, and would have sung
That burning tale of other years—
The love, the grief, that madly wrung
From out my heart the bitter tears;
I would have sung my blighted youth,
Bereft of every golden dream,
Its morning hopes of trust and truth,
Like dead weeds floating down the stream.

II.

But as I touched the trembling string,
With lowering brow and flashing eye,
Came Passion on its sable wing,
And rent the chords in passing by.
"Poor wretch," he said, with laugh of scorn,
"Wouldst thou, indeed, essay to tell
What in mine empire hath been born,
By any power of mortal spell?"

III.

So, drooping, chilled, I seek in vain
From those sad, broken chords to win
The truthful tones that I would fain
Evolve from this wild tempest din.
Though memory try with skilful hand
To tell the tale at Love's desire,
It comes not forth at her command,
From this poor rent and ruined lyre!

WRECKS.

ī.

DOWN in the depths of my spirit,
Down in the fathomless sea,
Wreeks upon wreeks are buried
Of a rich argosy.
In the brown sea-weed, tangled,
Skeleton things abide,
Silver and gold are mingled,
Jewels of kingly pride.

II.

I seek in the depths of my spirit, Seek for the treasures rare; Down, like a weary diver, I dive for the pearls fair. But, ah! from the bleak abysses No jewels I bear, nor gold, But only from fragments scattered The skeletons white and cold!

EPITAPH ON A SINNER.

PLACE not over me, the rich man cricth,
From the cold earth where he mouldering lieth,
On the promptings of your pride or anguish,
Stately tomb of marble where I languish.
Sculptured marble, snowy white or painted,
Serveth not to hide this carcass tainted;
Dense the walls that should its foulness cover,
Dense and dark that Ile might see it never.
For the tomb, then, of my deep perdition,
Tear the Titan mountains from their station;

In your mercy, quickly bring them hither, Pile them o'er me mass on mass together, And when that dread trumpet loudly rages That through all the everlasting ages Name of mine be seen not in those pages, When the curst and blest receive their wages!

GLIMPSES.

OME low wind whispers through my soul to-day, And wafts me faintly down the mystic tide Of long-lost youth, and hope, and early dreams, Where shadows' murmurs, dim and silent gleams Around me swiftly flit, and float, and glide, Till fades the present from mine eyes away!

TT.

The curtain rustles in th' enchanted air,
And glimpses through its mystic folds I see,
With happy tears, and mournful smiles that deep
Within my bosom's troubled waters sleep—
There are such lights and shades of memory,
Such trembling music in the years that were!

III.

The horizon widens round me clear and blue,. And thoughts glide in that faded long have been, With magic swiftness to my eager eyes, And breathings come that seem of Paradise. Fresh breezes blow, from forests cool and green, In that far land so long concealed from view!

DE PROFUNDIS.

[NINETEENTH CENTURY PHILOSOPHER, LOQUITUR.]

Ī,

PREAMERS, thinkers of the endless ages, Seek no more to read the mystic pages; Lie down meaning in your darkened cages, As the wounded lion chafes and rages, You that strive with pulses madly burning, And the wild brain into darkness turning.

II.

Eagles that on wings of pride ascending,
Fain would pierce the blue vault o'er us bending,
Hearts that writhe with that desire unending,
Vainly still your clay-made hovel rending,
Question not—for you comes no replying
From the night and silence round you lying.

III.

Ask not of the dead nor of the living, In the frenzy of thy proud misgiving, Past and present all their love enweaving, Bring for thee no power of calm believing— Silence only to thine invocation, Through the wilderness of vast creation!

IV.

Thou shalt know not by the might of science, Thou shalt know not by thy self-reliance Nor by all thy scornful soul's defiance, Banded for the strife in grand alliance—S int nor seer those coon walls shall sunder, Hiding from thine eyes the land of wonder.

v.

Moons and suns shall rise in endless glory, Worlds on worlds be born and perish hoary, As leaves beneath the tempest's stormy foray; But Time to thee shall ne'er reveal the story. Though thou try to read through myth and fable, Dense before thee hangs the curtain sable.

VI.

Love shall rise within thee wildly surging,
Passion rift thy soul with demon scourging;
Titan weapons from its furnace forging,
Onward to the battle ever urging,
To that war of endless, vain aspiring,
Power and knowledge for the doomed requiring.

VII.

Pain shall fling across thy brow its shading, Sorrow in thy bosom live unfading, Question ye in bitterness upbraiding? Life but droops beneath its heavy lading— On its sad horizon ne'er shall brighten One faint gleam the darkness to enlighten.

VIII.

Down the gulf of the Unknown are tumbling Stone on stone with loud and hollow rumbling Listening on the brink with fear and trembling, He that easts them learns but lessons humbling, Hears but echoes, mournful and appalling, Through the abyss unfathomed vaguely calling.

THE MAGIC GLASS.

I.

IN a desert waste of Arctic snow
An old man wandered to and fro;
Wild and weird, as if within the deeps
Of those sad eyes the love of ages sleeps.
He had risen from the long, long-dreaming tomb,
And on with weary step went seeking through the gloom

II.

Still seeking, seeking with a chill,
Amid the darkness dread and still.
Through the ice-bound region of despair,
For some faint glimmer of the days that were,
Vainly groping for that secret, hidden chain
That bound him, mortal, once to human joy and pain.

III.

He stood before a magic glass,
To watch the flickering shadows pass—
Arms outstretched, and eyes that longing strain.
"Come back," he cried, "fair form; come back again!"
As downward sank in shadow from his sight
A shape of rose-bloom and of starry light.

IV.

"Yes, that was Love," he muttered low.
"Did I not know him long ago?"
The spectre feels not, but remembers well—
He feels not, but remembers that old spell:
"O Love! wilt thou return no more?" he faintly said.
Within the frozen silence all was dark and dead!

v.

Before him still the shadows flew,
Another he would beckon, too.
"I the dead one saw her at my side—
Hope, my youth's first fair and gentle bride:
One smile of thine, the frozen waste to thaw!"
False as a dream—no more the shade he saw.

VI.

With hands prest on his drooping brow,
Still lower bent the old man now;
"Am I, in sooth, to wander all alone
Upon the earth?" he said, with shuddering moan
"Ev'n thy presence, Sorrow, fain would I behold,
To fill the pulseless blank of being still and cold!"

VII.

But Sorrow, with averted eye, Swept on her sable pinions by; In that wide waste of vacant, torpid death, For him might breathe again no quickening breath: Within the magic circle of that frozen rim, Love, Hope and Sorrow—all alike were dim!

A PRESENCE.

т.

BLACK as sable in the sunlight, still it tracks my footsteps weary;

White as snow within the midnight, at my side it moves along— A-waking or a-sleeping, be the scene or bright or dreary, The ghastly thing is moving still amid the hurrying throng. II.

Come no nearer, ah! I pray thee, come no nearer in thy boldness, See! I tremble in my terror lest face to face we stand—

My heart is shrinking strangely with a stony, deathly coldness At the glances of thy spectral eye, the touches of thy hand.

III.

No! I cannot face thee—cannot! though thou follow, never ceasing,

Though thou seekest to stay me ever—ever crave to meet mine eyes;

Panting fearful, still I hurry with a loathing aye increasing, To the cruel shape that follows, as a vulture ravening flies.

TV.

Oh, it is not of the living, oh, it is not of the breathing;
Why fear the dead, pale sorrow laid to rest so long ago?

As we feel the awful terror through our nerves and senses seething,

When the grave sends back a spirit to haunt our path below!

ν.

Spectral presence—awful presence! no, in sooth, I cannot face thee!

Nerve and sincw fail and quiver when I think of thee, abhorred; Not by tears drawn hot and scalding from the heart's recess we trace thee,

But the red drops that come pouring from the smiting of the sword.

VI.

Oh, my sorrow! oh, my sorrow! dweller of the deep abysses,
Oh, for blindness on mine cyclids! oh, for deafness to mine
car!

Ere I hear again anigh me thy fearful serpent hisses,

Ere I see thy cruel shadow on my pathway hovering near!

TO WILLIE.

ī.

IN thee again, sweet baby mine,
This heart hath found Creation's morning,
And Memory's cold and midnight gloom
Is now to Hope's fair sunlight turning.
Oh, soft as stars in evening's dew
Look into mine those eyes of blue!

II.

Bright days of spring come back again,
As once they were, all fresh and golden,
With all their wealth of budding flowers,
Since thou wert in those arms enfolden—
Since first I saw the witching hue
Of those sweet baby eyes of blue.

III.

Low drooping with the grief of years,
Thy mother, sad and pale and fading,
Had dreamed her youth were cold and dead
For aye beneath that sombre shading;
But, ah! what young life thrills anew
Through me, from those dear eyes of blue!

IV.

Thou hast awakened in my heart
Again its deep and strong emotion;
A love like first love, warm and pure,
And Faith and Hope and true devotion—
What draughts of Love's own nectared dew,
I drink from those sweet eyes of blue!

٧.

Oh, child of all sweet dreams fulfilled,
White pearl within my soul's deep lying!
Around thee brightly green again
Bloom out glad thoughts that once were dying—
Yes! calm again is life, and true,
Seen through those darling eyes of blue!

MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.

ı.

WOMAN of the mighty soul!
Thou hast not lived in vain,
Although the wondrous power be stilled
Of that large heart and brain.
For one deep thought thy spirit knew,
Within its burning deep,
Ten thousand now, from other hearts
Exultingly will leap.

II.

We mourn not that the gifted die—
They do not pass away;
Their dying breath is that of life
For other human clay.
What golden thoughts, what noble deed,
Thy woman's voice hath sown;
Thou wert the winged and wandering seed
The winds of Heaven hath sown!

SONNETS.

I.

OME hand hath rudely seized my life's sweet lyre
And turned its soul of music all astray,
So that my fingers now can only play
For evermore in discords harsh and dire.
Yet, wrested from its harmony's desire,
It still hath breathings of another day—
Some sweet, sad notes that faintly yet aspire,
Up from the gloomy chaos of decay.
Lost is the golden key which could alone
My being tune to its primeval law,
And softly forth the olden, heavenly tone
Of pre-ordainment, natural and true,
From out my heart's recesses finely draw,
Till life and joy upon me breathed anew.

II.

A black thought flew athwart the noonday sun—
A thought of terror, madness and despair,
And all things withered that before were fair;
And a deep, frozen silence sat upon
The sphere of wide creation, faint and wan.
Life shook to its foundation, laying bare
Such scenes as well the eye might wish to shun,
Illumed by Tophet's awful, dusky glare,
And linked with its eternity of pain.
Is there no hope through all the years of gloom—
No hope for this wild darkness of the brain?
This cold death-sickness at the heart that gnaws—
This giant thought of hideous, nameless doom—
This raging whirl that knows nor sleep nor pause?

III.

There is a tumult loud my heart within.

As of fierce waters prisoned far below
Dark counter-currents all that madly flow,
With wailing voices rising through the din—
Regrets, wild memories of despair and sin,
And yearnings vain for that which is no more,
(Nor grief nor frenzy e'er can hope to win),
Swell upward now against the cavern door—
I ask not words, for these are all in vain,
To breathe again of aught 'twixt thee and me;
But that one moment through thy heart and brain
The lightning-current from my soul would sweep,
Charged with each throb of love and agony,
Ere yet I sink to mine eternal sleep!

IV.

Before the traveller spread a lovely scene, *
As fair as Eden in its primal day—
Wide plains and hills and flower-gemmed meadows gay,
And orange-groves in shining gold and green,
Wherein a stately city rose screne,
With many a graceful arch and dome and spire,
Depictured on the blue air's cloudless sheen,
And glittering in the crimson sunset fire.
A moment from that loveliness so rare
He turned—then soon his eyes again he raised,
And, lo! where once had shone that city fair
He saw a putrid lake! Ah, me! have not those eyes
With change as dire and sudden once been dazed?
One moment, Life and Love—the next, Grief's darkest
guise!

 $^{{\}rm *Father}$ Kirscher, the Jesuit traveller, describes this occurrence in his account of the great Calabrian earthquake.

STORM IN THE BUSH.

ĩ.

A BREATHLESS stillness, strange, profound, Broods o'er the plains and hills around; Low gleams the sunset's lurid fire, 'Mid pallid shadows, gathering higher, And threatening, muffled tones of ire.

II.

With feathery, curling fringe of white, They move along in eagle flight, That smoke-hued, ghastly maze of clouds, Athwart the heavens, in serried crowds, Like spectres walking in their shrouds.

ш

Flash on flash, and peal on peal, Quivering darts the keen, blue steel— Quivers and shoots afar, anigh, Over the heavy pall of sky, Waiting the thunder's dread reply.

IV.

Flash on flash, and roll on roll,
The Heavens shrink "like a parchéd scroll,"—
Question—answer—quick and loud,
In rhythmic measure, fierce and proud,
Through the vast, cchoing halls of cloud †

٧.

Still gleams the blue and yellow flash, And falls the quivering shock and crash, 'Till through the tumult and the pain The canopy is rent in twain, And comes the deluge of the rain! A hush to all the fierce assault!—, Now stills the trembling, quaking vault; And with a wild and elfin glee The lightning laughs and dances free, In thousand shapes of witchery!

VII.

Now, fiery serpents intertwined! Now, Runic letters strange combined! It writhes—it springs—it quivers—lo! In globes of ruddy, crimson glow, It shoots and falls to earth below!

VIII.

From out the strife, all pure, serene, The young moon rises o'er the scene— She flings aside her cloudy veil, And, in profile, all pearly pale, Bends loving glance o'er hill and dale!

THE JEWEL-SEEKER.

"Thou who hast scattered gems of priceless worth
To the four wingéd winds that sweep the earth,
Wilt thou not let me gather, that I, too, may wear
Some in the gemless crown that decks my poet head?
A spark of Shakespeare diamond, perfect all,
Prisoning the sun within its glowing wall;
Or Milton ruby, grand as night—sublime,
Piled o'er the glories of the starry clime,
Than morning's splendor more divinely fair!"
"No, no," he said, "I list not to thy prayer.

"To thy own self untrue thou may'st not be,
In secking that which is not truly thine.
Deep in thine inmost soul search out the hidden mine
Which Nature's hand, I wis, bestowed on thee;
Albeit no gems of price within it shine,
Yet do I bid thee rather prize the humblest stone
That thou may'st call in honest truth thine own,
Than diamond, ruby, emerald, chrysolite,
Which were not thine by true and sacred right!"

DEATH IN LIFE.

ı.

NIGHT-BLACK, night-still, night-cold!
A waste of Polar snow,
Where no green thing the eyes behold,
Nor evermore can grow.
Thus, thus doth life appear,
Struck down and withered all—
The days, the hours, the long, long years,
Beneath an ebon pall.

II.

A fearful icy chill,

A dumbness of despair,

A silence, blackness, deeper still

Than Death's gloom ever bare,

Are weighing down my soul—

Are curdling in my veins;

No mortal eye may span the whole

In which such terror reigns!

III.

It is a chaos dire;
Nor shape nor form I see,
But one eternity of ire,
As far as thought may be—
A something that cludes
The grasp of heart and brain—
But over all my being broods
A wild and frenzied pain!

TV.

Amid black ruins I grope,
Bewildered and aghast—
Blind, deaf and speechless, with "no hope"
Above me looming vast.
It seems as Space and Time
Had burst their ocean bed,
And all the surging waters climb,
And close above my head!

NEVERMORE.

ī.

H, no! oh, no! a more than death,
A more than destiny is there;
Some deeper gulf than ever hath
Been imaged by despair
Between us deepens. Time may fly,
And world on worlds be born and die,
But on the far, eternal shore
For us the surging waters roar—
The mournful dirge of nevermore!

II.

Again, again hot tears may fall,
And in each heart the past may burn;
But pangs nor longings can recall
Dead trust from out its urn.
That subtle poison, withering, fell,
And through the ages weaves a spell
That dies not, fades not—to the core
Of being pierces o'er and o'er
With that undying nevermore!

III.

Some hope, perchance, there yet may be
For all that is of wildest pain,
Some vision dim the eye may see
Of Love that blooms again
Some ending hath all other woe,
But change nor ending this may know:
Through all Time's wild and whirling roar
Cold, cold and dark our eyes before,
Is writ on marble—nevermore!

IV.

Oh, no! oh, no! for us the blue
And pearly clouds unfold in vain;
In vain beyond we seek anew
To knit the broken chain.
There is a thought that hath no tomb—
A nameless, ceaseless thought of gloom,
That on the far, cternal shore
Stands fixed and frozen there before—
The mournful, silent—nevermore!

PICTURES IN THE CLOUDS.

I.

WHEN evening softly closes,
And breezes die
Among the summer roses,
I watch the sky;
Visions of mazy wonder
All faintly gleam—
See, they are passing yonder,
E'en as a dream.

TT.

There, as in magic mirror, Old forms arise,
Some now are drifting nearer,
In phantom guise.
Eager mine eye doth follow
Through light and shade,
As through the breezy hollow
Those pictures fade.

III.

From halls of blue and amber,
A weird array,
In endless windings clamber
Forth to the day.
Upon the wild wind flying,
They hurry on,
While memory, faintly sighing,
Mourns they are gone!

TV.

In strange and varying tissues Of smiles and tears, That band still onward issues From grey old years; Some decked in robes of splendor,
And some in shrouds,
But passing all asunder,
Those picture clouds.

v.

Again they are unfolding,
That shadowy throng,
A magic power is moulding
Their march along.
Up from those depths so sombre
Old dreams in crowds,
That well I do remember,
Flit in the clouds!

VI.

The clustering flowers are blowing,
Of that bright June,
The silvery streams are flowing
In loving tune.
The summer's hoarded treasure.
Where is it gone—
Its red and gold and azure?—
The clouds sweep on!

VII.

Far back, far back returning,
Still more I see—
With thoughts that now are burning
Tumultuously.
Fade not, O glorious vision,
With sunlit eyes,
From that bright land Elysian,
Within the skies!

THE LAUREATE.

THE "WELCOME." A REPLY TO

THE son of Her who, 'spite of Nature's power. Hath made thee poet in her wide domain, Must loathe, I fear, the wishy-washy strain With which thou greet'st His own Imperial flower, Alfred Tennyson.

For Russian flower, perchance, a welcome meet, So icy, chilling, sounds thy missish lyre-Poor Marie! home and love must rather tire, If thou wilt bore her with thy vain conceit, Miss Alfred Tennyson!

III.

"The golden news" ('tis gold to thee, in sooth-Thy tiny whistle is a thing of tin!)-Doth make around a somewhat deafening din. As thou remarkedst, with poetic truth, Alfred Tennyson!

IV.

The voices of the sea (thou mean'st the fish!) Inspired by loyalty no more are mute-Canadian pines and Maoris follow suit, And all together make a dainty dish-Miss Alfred Tennyson!

V.

"In lusty life both empires branching fair"-Yet Byron's England lists to Alfy's lays: And critics wreathe thy brows with deathless bays, Thou, seated in the old Wordsworthian chair-Alfred Tennyson.

VI.

For "peoples" mostly "are as waifs that swing,
And float along" with Fashion's ebb and flow;
But those who know should have the grace to snow
That thou art neither minstrel-prince nor king,
Miss Alfred Tennyson.

VII.

I wish that thou wert in some stranger land,
"Where men are bold, and strongly said their say:"
An' if thou wert, not surely here to-day.
Shouldst hold the laureate sceptre in thy hand—
Alfred Tennyson!

VIII.

What knowest thou of full life, thou puny heart?

The current in thy veins diluted flows—
Thou sound'st no depth of human joys or woes;

Still life thou paintest only by thine art—
Miss Alfred Tennyson!

IX.

Most certainly, thy verse will never "wake
Diviner airs," nor "change the souls of men;"
Thy laboring, incubating, mooning pen
Perchance the taste of lettered fops may take—
Alfred Tennyson!

x.

"Poeta nascitur non fit," indeed!

Why great Victoria proves the opposite;

Her hand has dubbed him—and she must be right,

And so that thou art poet is our creed—

Miss Alfred Tennyson!

THE SILENT LAND.

I.

THERE is a wondrous, vast and distant realm, On whose wide seas no traveller guides the helm; Through whose primeval forests, sadly green, Where fruits and flowers in tangled wreaths are seen, No footstep through all time hath ever been.

II.

Strange skies are there, strange stars and moon and sun, Strange shapes that through the shadowy darkness run; And birds that soar aloft on radiant plume, All gorgeous things of glory and of bloom, Circling and winding through the silent gloom.

III.

A glaucous mist, a thin, frail, filmy sereen, This world and ours alone divides, I ween; Some cabalistic word at length is told, And backward hath the mystic curtain rolled, When, lo! what wonders do the eye behold!

IV.

The realm of silence! Seek thou in its halls Of fairy spells where eeho never calls: Thither have fled, like wingéd dreams, away The subtle treasures of our earthly day, Beyond the reach of eye or ear of clay.

٧.

More wondrous power hath passed to this strauge land Than e'er the mighty gifted may command. Thither hath fled the poet's thought of fire, Too subtle or too strong in its desire For the weak compass of the tuneful lyre.

VI.

An epic of great thoughts that fain were deeds, Flung on the wild winds as the winged seeds, Hath floated downward on the silent tide, And, like white, towering lilies in their pride, In deathless bloom for ever here abide.

VII.

Here gleam the regal gems, the golden store, By passion wasted on this mortal shore; The truest poesy e'er writ or sung Hath been in heart-throbs to the tempest flung, Breathed to the night-stars in a silent tongue.

VIII.

The sighs, the tears unanswered and unheard From out the depths of love and sorrow stirred, That none below might treasure up or save, Thou'lt find within this dim, mysterious cave—This wondrous land, as silent as the grave!

ONE THOUGHT.

r.

THOU art around me like the living waters,
Resonant, ringing through the earth and air,
Mysterious music from the depth that utters
Eternal thoughts in voices strange and rare.

II.

Thee, thee alone, for ever hearing, seeing,
I wander silent on the mournful shore,
With all the vast horizon of my being
Filled up with that one thought unto its core.

III.

Thou wert within my summer rich and golden,

The soul that moved within my dreams of song;

Within the winter's gray thou art enfolden;

To every throb of life thou dost belong.

IV.

Yes, thou art round me, near me, strangely clinging, Undimmed by those long years of weary pain; The living waters with their music ringing— The one dear thought for ever to remain!

TWILIGHT.

I.

N the twilight of Urania,
In the dim and silent glades,
Lonely and lorn I wander
'Mid the pale and sorrowing shades—
Echoes of olden music,
Odors from blossoms shed,
Phantoms of love and gladness
From days that are cold and dead.

II.

In the twilight of Urania,
In that realm so still and grey,
Lone as a spectre straying
My days are passing away.
Cold and grey and voiceless,
Nor passion, nor hope, nor fear,
But the footstep of memory falling
All drearily on the ear.

MATER REDEMPTORIS.

I.

HAPPY Mother! clasping to thy breast
The babe new-born,
Entranced in thy golden rest

Of Love's own morn.

Maiden mother, with the drooping eye And lily brow!

None purer, fairer, breathes beneath the sky
More blest than thou!

II.

O blest! O favored! thou whose parent-love May thus adore,

And feel thy deepest throbs can never prove Than duty more.

O thou, of Mothers all, the only one Beneath the skies

Who may, unsinning, kneel before thy Son And idolize!

III.

O Mother! thou whose heart can never know That pain of pain

That others feel, whose darling ones lie low With sin's dark stain—

O thou, whose soul can never quake with dread. Or faint in gloom,

Lest Judgment call upon the lovéd head Eternal doom!

VI.

Mother of our Redeemer-Mother's heart! Oh, hear the prayer

That earthly mothers pour, with bitter smart, In their despair!

"Cause of our Joy!" dispel the shades of grief That loom above!

"Health of the Weak!" give fainting hearts relief In thy deep love!

ON THE SEA.

r.

TNDER the skies of the Southern Cross
The sails are swelling to the breeze,
Where skims the broad-winged albatross
Above the rushing, sparkling seas.
Gaily dancing, on we go,
O'er blue waves tinged with creamy foam,
Like mountains capped by dazzling snow,
Still far from Erin—far from home!

IL.

Through sunny, breezy Capricorn
The sweet airs freshly round us play;
We seek the fair and distant bourne,
Thus dancing onward, wild and gay.
With speed of sea birds' pinions light
The good ship hurries through the foam,
As if we swept not in our flight,
Far, far from Erin—far from home!

THE LOST MAY.

Ι.

"Fair May, in all her tender bloom,
Soft, fluttering near on seraph wing,
To chase the cloudy, lingering gloom.
Our loved one—from the whirling ring
Of Time—her smiles again illumo
The earth to-day, the earth to-day—
The long-loved smile of our darling May!"

II.

The young laburnum drops its gold,
The lilac rears its clustering head
In many a rich and heavy fold,
Till all the air with scent is fed.
It is as it hath been of old,
In cunning semblance perfected:
All bright and gay, all bright and gay—
"She cometh," they say, "our old, old May!"

III.

The primrose in the coppice gleams,
Vermilion apple-blossoms glow
Beneath the light, with snowy seams,
And dew-drops in their cups below.
Soft murmurs break from silvery streams,
That on through cool, green meadows flow,
And so they say, and so they say—
""Tis the same sweet face of our long-loved May!"

IV.

Ah, is it so? A shadow peers
From out the past, with pallid hue,
She whispers: "Mid the cold, dead years
She lieth low whom once ye knew.
I come no more with smiles or tears,
Or cloudless skies of tender blue,
Within the clay, within the clay—
I sleep in my youth, the lost, lost May!"

v.

Yes, yes! she lies within the urn,

The moon, her crown, grew cold and wan,
Until on breezy cloudlets borne,
It melted slowly and was gone!
Yet still they dream of her return,
The same that once before them shone,
The laughing fay, the laughing fay,
That withered and died—the lost, lost May!

VI.

Beyond the bounds of space and time,
She floated to the silent shore,
The sacred seal of loss sublime
On her was set for evermore.
The eyes that saw her in her prime,
How mournful was the look they wore!
When thus for aye, when thus for aye,
They knew she was gone—the lost, lost May!

VII.

Adown with her on that dark tide
In sooth were borne some precious things,
Such forms of life and light and pride
As fancy's early morning brings;
And dreams in rose-tints glowing dyed,
That soar aloft on dizzy wings,
Ah! were not they—ah! were not they
Once linked with the fate of the lost, lost May!

VIII.

Great thoughts that spanned the heavenly height,
Deep throbbings of a breath divine,
And Hope and Love, half hidden, bright,
Where dewy leaves and flowerets twine.
All, all have flitted from the sight,
Oh, nevermore on earth to shine—
All fled away, all fled away,
On the phantom wings of the lost, lost May!

TO A SPREAD EAGLE.

A MIGHTY flourish of trumpets,
And, lo! on a curvetting Pegasus
The great "spread eagle" comes.
Now for artistic passion!
Erebus! Jupiter! Mars!
Up through the clouds he flies from us—
Never to reach the stars!

HYMN FOR THE MONTH OF MAY,

I.

A lily filled with moonlight's crystal dew;

How gentle is thy smile, O holiest Mother!

Where Love and Mercy beam for ever new.

White-wingéd angels near thee roam in gladness,
O Rose of Jesse's stem, in endless bloom;

Foul demons hear thy name in fear and sadness,
And fly before thee, wailing to their doom.

īΥ.

Here, at thy shrine, soul-storms are calmly hushing,
Heart-pangs are healed that long have rankling lain,
Sweet tears, like silvery showers of spring, are gushing,
Where once were poured the blistering drops of pain.
Oh, as the wintry clouds at length have vanished,
And summer comes again, with sun and blue,
All earthly passion by thy name is banished,
And we repose in Heaven's own sunshine true.

III.

As leaves and flowers are round us brightly blowing,
In this fair moon of promise given to thee,
May Faith, and Hope, and Love spring out as glowing,
And green within our hearts for ever be.
O Rose of "Mystic Beauty!" "Star of Morning!"
Before thy shrine we lowly bend and pray,
While Nature's myriad beauties, now returning,
Hymn forth thy praise, O glorious Queen of May!

THE MEETING OF THE SAINTS.

[ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN SAN FRANCISCO, 1877.]

ı.

A GUEST is come that should not wait
A welcome here to win—
St. Francis, ope the Golden Gate
And let St. Patrick in!
Oh, meet him, and greet him—
The stranger ever blest—
That tiny triplet bearing
From the green Isle of the West.

II.

He bringeth many a precious store,
To place at thy command;
The cherished dreams and hopes of yore,
The memories bright and bland—
Upspringing and clinging,
They drink thy sun and dew,
And take with spirit loyal
A fairer shape and hue.

III.

Ev'n as the glory of a dream
That sea of hills is seen,
While all its velvet billows gleam
In violet and green;
All flowing and glowing,
Beneath the morning sun,
As o'er the crystal waters
The saintly bark speeds on.

IV.

"Here smiles the Tir' nan Oge!" he said,
"With strange enchantments fraught;
The land for which, in ages fled,
My children vainly sought;
Eternal and vernal,
There Life's red currents flow,
And in immortal radiance
The flowers of Eden blow.

v.

"Here, from the pure and living spring,
They quench their weary thirst,
And to the fostering mother cling,
Their fainting souls that nurst.
Oh, tend her, defend her,
As on her lofty way,
Through storm and gloom, she marches
Unto the perfect day!"

VI.

His hand is raised—he seems to bless
Each fair and fertile plain;
The woods and hills in glowing dress,
The fields of golden grain;
Each mountain, each fountain,
From which glad rivers flow,
The orange groves and vineyards
That blossom fair below.

VII.

O proud, majestic Cybele, Enthroned in strength and grace, 'With teeming wealth of land and sea Clasped in thy wild embrace!

^{*&}quot; Tir' nan Oge"-i. e., The Land of Youth.

Enfolding and holding
Within those circling arms
The sacred cause of Freedom,
Secure in all its charms.

VIII.

Hail to thy future, bright and blest!
Beheld by prophet eye,
Long may that benediction rest—
That prayer be heard on high!
Entwining and shining,
May still the Shamrock be,
Where'er the starry banner
Waves o'er the land and sea!

THE YOUTH AND HIS SHADOW.

A TALE, NOT FROM ÆSOP.

A YOUTH, who was of stature somewhat small, Walked one fine evening, as the setting sun Upon the ground flung shadows vast and tall, Of which his own, conspicuously, was one. Before his eyes it spread of size gigantic, A true reflection of himself, he thought; And, with self-admiration almost frantic, He never dreamed his judgment was at fault.

"Yes, yes," he said, "malicious boobies dare To call me dwarf; but now I can refute Their calumnies. My full dimensions there Let them behold, and be forever mute!" A passer-by, who listened, could not choose but stare, And gaze upon him, with a curious snigger, To see the manikin, with haughty air, Point out what he believed his lofty figure. At length he cried: "Alas, conceited elf! Are you, indeed, so laughably demented As to believe you see your real self By that colossal shadow represented? I fain would tell you, creature most inflated, A secret that will make you less elated: A strange, illusive power surrounds your sphere, That casts your shadow as it stretches here; Through the false glare of vanity and pride, 'Tis thus you see your pigmy form so magnified."

A DUBLIN ROMANCE.

I.

66 OH, yes, madam, I was in love tremendously, as you may know,

A most devoted slave, in sooth, before your beauty bending low.

My fancy, poised on wandering wing, went seeking for a resting place,

When, at the railroad terminus, I first beheld your angel face.

II.

"'Why, here she is!' I said, 'at last, the very nymph so long
I've sought!'

And, like a gudgeon in a net, that moment I was fairly eaught.

By those sweet eyes of azure dyes, that snowy brow and cheek of rose,

Those nut-brown bands of glossy hair, those ruby lips and Grecian nose.

TIT.

"You sat amongst the waiting crowd, a vision for a poet's view, Dressed in a rich brocaded silk, a black mantille and bonnet blue;

And ample was your graceful form, o'erspreading all the bench of green,

With flounces five upon your skirt, and large amount of crinoline!

IV.

"I've dreamed, as poets always dream, of some celestial vision bright;

But visions, after all, are cold as moonbeams on a frosty night.

How much more sweet your glowing charms, which deigned substantially to shine,

Than those fair snow-nymphs of the brain that once danced through this heart of mine!

₹.

"As I have said, I was your slave the very moment first we met, But, Heaven and earth! how was I, now, an introduction e'er to get?

Your name, address, I knew them not; I was a stranger in the town—

When Fate, in shape of 'mutual friend,' soon brought me to your side, Miss Brown.

VI.

"No man had e'er been more in love—as constant as your shade was I;

Where'er you went, I followed, sure, and, like a bellows, loud did sigh.

I saw you at bazaar and ball, at theatre and show of flowers,

In concert-rooms, at picnics, too—ah! these, indeed, were blissful hours.

VII.

"I whisked you through the mazy waltz—to tell my feeling then were vain—

You looked so lovely in that white, soft-flowing dress of tarlatane, With berthe around your beauteous bust, a wreath of roses on your hair,

No other belle in all the room with you a moment might compare.

VIII.

"I wandered through the Four Court halls, my wig awry upon my head;

With 'oh, my lady!' on my lips, when 'yes, my Lord' I should have said.

Ah! little did I care for briefs—no cause but one cared I to plead, When I at length revealed to you how this poor heart did ache and bleed.

IX.

"I will not now revert to all you said to me upon that day— Enough, one little word you breathed sent me a happy man away. Alas! alas! what am I now? I curse the day I e'er was born. How could you, heartless that you are, thus leave me all my life forlorn?

x.

"I was a poor young man, 'tis true, but, then, in time I should get on

At my profession; love would aid, and wealth and fame at length be won.

You had some hundreds, too, 'twas said, left by a late lamented aunt;

Our difficulties would be few, for state or style I did not pant!

XI.

"But you—a house upon the square, a carriage and a brougham came,

Presented by a little wretch, whom I would scarcely deign to name,

And then you 'cut me'—aye, as cool as if we ne'er before had met:

Your bridal cards I've just received, 'Belinda Brown'—now Mrs. Brett!''



TRANSLATIONS.





TRANSLATIONS.

THE "LADY FLY."

[FROM-THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.]

I.

"HERE'S something teazing me," she said— I look'd anear, and lo! Espied a little insect, red, Upon her neck of snow.

II.

I should—but fool or sage, I wis, At sixteen one is shy— Have seen upon her lips the kiss, Ere on her neck the fly!

III.

It looked just like a tiny shell, Rose-hued, black-speckled o'er— The chirping birds, to see us well Peeped through the leafy door.

IV.

I bent me down above the fair,
Her lips were fresh as dew,
The "lady fly," I seized it there,
But the kiss—away it flew!

SONG OF THE COSSACK.

[BEBANGER.]

ı.

COME, friend of mine, the Cossack's noble steed,
Bound at the northern trumpet's signal blast;
Swift to the plunder, fierce the attack to lead,
Lend wings to Death as thou and I go past!
Thy trappings with no golden riches glow,
But victory soon thy guerdon shall bestow;
Neigh, proudly neigh, O faithful steed of mine!
Crush kings and peoples 'neath that hoof of thine!

TT.

Departing peace hath flung to me thy rein,
Old Europe's ramparts crumble in the dust:
Come, let mine hands outstretched the treasure gain;
Where Art hath raised her shrine, there let us rest.
Return to quaff the Seine's tempestuous wave,
Where thou didst twice thy limbs ensanguined lave.
Neigh, proudly neigh, O faithful steed of mine!
Crush kings and peoples 'neath that hoof of thine!

III.

Prince, priest and noble, as in fortress pent,
By suffering subjects, loudly to us say:
"Come, be our masters, we shall be content
To play the serf, so tyrants, too, we stay!"
I seize my lance, and all before it toss,
To humble soon the sceptre and the cross.
Neigh, proudly neigh, O faithful steed of mine!
Crush kings and peoples 'neath that hoof of thine!

IV.

I see the phantom of a giant vast,

His eager eyes fixed on our bivouac,
As with his spear he points unto the west:

"My reign," he shouteth, "is again come back!"
It is the spirit of the Hun's great Lord,
The son of Attila obeys his word.

Neigh, proudly neigh, O faithful steed of mine!
Crush kings and peoples 'neath that hoof of thine!

V.

All, all the pomp which Europe boasts so loud,
The knowledge which is bootless to defend,
Shall soon be swallowed in the whirling cloud
Of dust which shall upon our steps attend.
Efface, efface in this, thy coming reign,
Old customs, manners, laws—the throne and fane.
Neigh, proudly neigh, O faithful steed of mine!
Crush kings and peoples 'neath that hoof of thine.

MY MISSION.

[BERANGER.]

I.

Upon this earthly planet flung,
Ungainly, weak and poor.
Down-trod the rushing crowd among,
Because I'm but obscure.
Sometimes a touching plaint
From my full heart will spring:
Then God, in pity, says to me,
"Sing! little creature, sing!"

II.

The splendid chariot rolling by
Will splash me as I pass;
Of insolence enough know I,
From rich and great, alas!
Ah! from their chilling pride,
For me there is no guard.
Then God, in pity, says to me,
"Sing, sing! poor little bard!"

III.

Too fearful, truly, to contend
With life's uncertain game,
Beneath the petty yoke I bend
Of this poor place with shame.
Yes! liberty I prize,
But so keen's my appetite!
Then God, in pity, says to me:
"Sing, sing! poor little sprite!"

IV.

Love, in my days of luckless plight,
To cheer me oft would try;
But now, with youth in rapid flight,
I see him hastening by.
In vain my pulses bound,
Near beauty as I cling—
The good God kindly says to me,
"Sing, little minstrel, sing!"

v.

To sing, then, or I'm much astray,
My lot is here below.
All whom I thus amuse, will they
Not love me? Yes, I know!
When social joys surround,
And wine gives pleasure wing,
The good God kindly says to me,
"Sing, little minstrel, sing!"

MY REPUBLIC.

[BERANGER.]

I.

REPUBLICS quite my fancy take,
Since I so many kings have known.
One for myself I'll surely make,
And frame good laws for it alone;
No traffic there save in the bowl,
No justice but in gay decree;
My table its dominion sole,
Its simple motto—Liberty!

II.

Friends, let us all our glasses fill—
The Senate takes its seat to-day;
First, by a stringent act, we will
That Ennui be proscribed for aye—
Proscribed! ah, what! our realm within
This word unknown should ever be—
Ennui no place with us can win,
For pleasure follows liberty!

All luxury's abuses here,
By which Joy suffers, she decries;
No barriers has thought to fear,
By grace of Bacchus—nor disguise.
Let every one his creed profess
According as his taste may be;
In sooth, he e'en may go to Mass—
Such is the will of liberty!

IV.

Nobility's a great abuse;
Then of our sires we shall not boast.
A title e'en we must refuse
To him who laughs and drinks the most.
And if aspiring to the crown,
A traitor here amongst us be,
This Cæsar in the bowl we'll drown,
And thus preserve our liberty!

v.

Come, then, to our Republic drink—
May it fulfil its destiny!
But peaceful people you, I think,
An enemy already see;
It is Lisette, by whom again
In chains voluptuous bound are we.
Ah, she is fair—and she will reign—
'Tis over now for liberty!

SO MAY IT BE.

[BERANGER.]

I.

DEAR friends, prophetic gifts are mine,
The promised future I divine,
By this, my subtle art's design—
So may it be!

II.

The bard no parasite you'll see,
The great from flattery shall flee,
The courtier serve from baseness free,
So may it be!

III.

No usurers, no gamblers seen, No little banker lords, I ween, Officials none of saucy mien, So may it be!

IV.

Friendship, of life the chiefest gain, A tie shall be not false or vain, Of which misfortune breaks the chain, So may it be!

 ∇ .

The simple maid at fifteen known, In three years' time with lovers thrown, Shall prattle gaily—that alone, So may it be!

VI.

Then women vain gewgaws will shun, And husbands, too, no danger run, E'en for a week should they be gone— So may it be!

VII.

Our writers will in each essay

More genius—less of wit—display,

All puerile jargon cast away—

So may it be!

vIII.

The author shall have nobler aim, The actor less of foppish fame, The critic bear a civil name— So may it be!

IX.

We may at failings of the great
And of their panders laugh and prate,
Without a message from the State—
So may it be!

x.

XI.

Then God, who wisely rules, let's bless; My friends, these things shall be, I guess, About the year 3,000—yes!

So may it be!

THE BLIND GIRL.

[FROM THE ITALIAN.]

ī.

OH, if an angel, winging
His way to thine awful throne,
Dear Lord, unto thee is bringing
The blind girl's plaintive mean,
Pity, O Lord! then, pity me;
Thou knowest the depth of my misery.

II.

If thou'st to me forbidden

The warmth and the light of love,
Oh, why should those throbbings hidden

My heart's depths wildly move?

Pity, O Lord! then, pity me;

Thou knowest the depth of my misery.

III.

When the stars, in countless number,
Are glowing within the skies,
There's for me but a curtain sombre
In which all their splendor dies.
Pity, O Lord! then, pity me;
Thou knowest the depth of my misery.

IV.

If only in tears and mourning
My life must moulder away,
Then give me, O Lord, the warning
Which calls me to Thee, I pray.
Pity, O Lord! then, pity me;
Thou knowest the depth of my miscry!

HOME SONG.

[CHATEAUBRIAND.]

OW oft do those dreamings come
Of thee, my native home!—
Land of my love evermore.
Ah, how the moments flew,
France, 'neath thy skies of blue!
Sister, what brightness they wore!

II.

Dost thou remember, dear,
Seated the hearth anear,
How our fond mother would press
Each to her bosom there,
And o'er our golden hair
Bend with a loving caress?

III.

Sister, rememberest thou,
When round the old chateau
Sparkled the river in play?
And the dark Moorish tower,
Which, at the dawning hour,
Rang out its chimes to the day?

IV.

Dost thou remember, too,
Where the light swallow flew,
Skimming the lake's tranquil breast,
While the wind murmured low,
Ruffling the regds below,
As the red sun sank to rest?

٧.

O my Helena, who
E'er will restore me you?—
You, the green hills, the oak tree?
Still do those mem'ries vain
Thrill me with joy and pain,
Clinging, my country, to thee!







SONGS.

CHANT.

Air-" ERIN, THE TEAR AND THE SMILE."

[WRITTEN FOR THE O'CONNELL CENTENARY.]

I.

PROUDLY he comes through the silence and gloom,
Ruling us yet from the depths of the tomb!
Potent that magic name,
In life or death the same,
Men's souls with heavenly flame!
Still to illume!

REFRAIN.

Rolling from shore to shore, From Erin's inmost core, Echoed by thousands more, Hear ye that name!

п.

Monarch annointed, where had he his throne?

Never the diadem on his brow shone—

Throned in our hearts was he,

Crowned with our homage free,

Loved with the loyalty,

Ever his own!

REFRAIN.

Rolling from shore to shore, etc.

226 CHANT.

III.

Slaves lying low in the pallor of death,
Did ye not waken to life in his breath?

Led by his prophet might
Rose ye to manhood's height,
Flashing the sword of right,
Forth from its sheath!

Refrain.
Rolling from shore to shore, etc.

IV.

Moulded was he from the soil's glowing breast,
With red deer and eagle, and mountain's proud crest!
And ev'ry word and thought,
Aye with enchantment fraught,
Were from that mother caught—
Eiré the blest!

Refrain.
Rolling from shore to shore, etc.

V.

From far and wide, O ye sons of the Gael, Pæans are mingling with sorrow's low wail— Victor and martyr true,

Victor and martyr true,
Fondly we cling to you,
Feel all your presence, too,
Swelling the gale!

REFRAIN.
Rolling from shore to shore, etc.

VI.

Yes! thou are near us as waters that glide Far from the sunlight in darkness to hide.

Though from our vision gone,
Deeply they murmur on,
Ev'n as a spirit tone,
Seeming to guide!

REFRAIN.

Rolling from shore to shore, etc.

VII.

Thou, looming grander from out the dead years! Clothed in the purple of rulers and seers—

Still shall thy fame remain, Bearing nor shade nor stain, Sweet be thy requiem strain, Sung through our tears!

REFRAIN.

Rolling from shore to shore, etc.

MARCHING SONG.

Air-" THE YOUNG MAY MOON."

7

WITH pikes so brightly glancing, O! With flags so lightly dancing, O!

As "Felons" still, With right good will,

To the struggle we're gaily advancing, O! Yes, a joyful hour it is, my boys, So full of bright hope and power, my boys—

In the only true way, With hearty hurrah,

To press with the strength of a tower, my boys!

II.

No brawlers dare to fool us now, With nod and beek to rule us now;

Some thousands ten
Of earnest men,

We want little speeching to school us now. And away with "foreign aid," my boys, We know 'tis only a shade, my boys,

> The flourishing tree Of fair Liberty

Must spring from the soil, or 'twill fade, my boys :

III.

Then, come with manly bearing, O! For red-coats little caring, O!

Their ranks of pride Will not long abide,

If we know how to face them with daring, O! Come meet them, friends and neighbors all; On through their cannons and sabres all,

Girded by Right
Are we for the fight,

And we'll soon have an end of our labors ail!

IV.

The harvest moon, so glorious, men, Will see our ranks victorious, men;

The coats of frieze Will gain the prize,

And then for our mirth uproarious, men! With pikes so brightly glancing, O! With flags so lightly dancing, O!

Surely under the sun There ne'er was such fun,

As thus to the struggle advancing, O!

SONG OF THE IRISH TENANT.

Air-"SHAN VAN VOCHT."

ī.

MY sons are blood and bone,
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
Yet they seemed as cold as stone,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
From Man, and not from God,
They held their native sod,
And kissed the tyrants' rod,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

II.

But we're all in earnest now,

"Says the Shan Van Vocht;
And we'll keep the written vow,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
Can they eheck the ocean's way,
The storm and lightning's play,
Or the voice that speaks to-day,
Says the Shan Van Vocht?

III.

To bring them silks and gold,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
Your lives were crushed and sold,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
They said that you were born
To reap the bri'r and thorn,
While they robbed the golden corn,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

IV.

But we know—may God be praised!—
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
When once a truth is raised,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
By voice, or sword, or pen,
By angels, or by men,
'Tis never laid again,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

٧.

The struggle may be long,
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
But Right wilt make you strong,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
In coolness lies the spell,
Amid your passions' swell,
To lead you onward still,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

VI.

Let each burning throb you feel,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
Be tempered as your steel,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
Poured out without an aim,
Ah! what is passion's flame?
The end is only shame,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

VII.

To aid our glorious plan,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
We call each honest man,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
From Ulad, * stern and true,
To Muinain's † mountains blue,
From Laigean and Conact, ‡ too,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

HIS NAME.

Air-"I AM ASLEFP, AND DON'T WAREN ME."

I.

A RE the clustering stars that now gem the blue wave Not glorious to see in their far home above? As bright is the name that's now linked with the grave, And once was the stay of our hope and our love. Undying is he who, 'mid doubt and decay, To Hope's fairy land pointed out the true way!

II.

Are the old stately mountains not lofty and grand, Where Time fails to leave e'en a mark of his track? As proudly enduring thy fame in the land, When through the long vista of years we look back, The highest, the holiest things that we see Shall speak, Thomas Davis, to our hearts, of thee!

Thou wert like the tree with the fruit and the flower, Thine the ripeness of age and the ardor of youth; Oh, rarely on earth may be seen the fair dower, Deep passion led onward by wisdom and truth, And all the rich store as an offering laid On the altar of freedom, its struggle to aid.

IV.

Were all cold around thee, thou still wouldst be true; Not the world could o'crshadow that heart pure and deep; As free and unfettered the spring gushes blue, While, ice-bound, the waters surrounding it sleep. Some natures there are of pure gold, like to thine, That for ever unstained and unsullied will shine!

THE TRUE PATH.

Air-" AVENGING AND BRIGHT."

ı.

If in steel there is might, if in man there is honor, Is vengeance a duty—endurance a shame? Then forth to the light you will fling the green banner, And strike the good blow which brings triumph and fame.

IT.

Red signs in the heavens flit wildly above you— Now, sons of the Gael, speed bold on your way! This struggle, before the wide world, must prove ye, Or heroes or helots for ever to stay.

Dark fetters have hung on the limbs of your fathers, But still in their grasp the sure weapon they bore; And proud rose their wrath as the tempest-cloud gathers, And the hand of the tyrant oppressed them no more.

IV.

Your swords are as keen as the bravest e'er flourished, Your chains are as heavy—what more do you need? No fear of a cause by such memories nourished, If true be the hearts that will on to the deed.

SONG OF THE DAY.

ī.

I GIVE my heart to you, Eiré,
I give my heart to you,
And well I know, whate'er betide,
That I shall never rue.
'Twere sweet to die for you, Eiré,
'Twere sweet to die for you:
And 'tis what in my heart I mean,
If living will not do

II.

I know the time is coming
To show my truth and love,
And I am truly striving, dear,
My loyalty to prove.
I think of nothing else, dear,
The night and morning through,
But how my life and strength may be
Devoted unto you!

There's nothing e'er could sway me
Your banner to disown;
No joy could win me from you now,
And fear!—I would have none.
'Twould raise me to the heavens above
To see your freedom's day;
But welcome still be God's good will,
Though I should be away!

MY VOICE OF SONG.

Τ.

"Y voice of song is given to thee, "Land of the murmuring streams!" Thou art the worshipped of my heart,
The right that gilds my dreams.
The name—the flower upon my path,
The star within my sky;
And as for thee I gladly live,
So I for thee would die!

II.

If thou wert high in power and fame,
I might not love you so;
But 'tis not on the happiest
I would my love bestow.
One bird loves best to sing at night,
While others wait the day,
And in this cheerless night of thine,
I wake for thee my lay!

^{*}Ireland was called by her ancient bards "Ireland of the murmuring streams."

And if I prize the lyre and wreath,
'Tis for thy sake alone;
For every chord and every leaf
Belong to thee, my own.
My voice of song is given to thee,
'Land of the murmuring streams!'
Thou art the worshipp'd of my heart,
The light that gilds my dreams!

I AM A POOR STRANGER.

Air-" I AM A POOR STRANGER."

T.

MHOUGH bright be the sunlight and clear the blue sky,
There's a pang at my heart and a tear in mine eye;
'Twixt me and Old Ireland the wild billows roam,
I am a poor stranger that's far from my home!

II.

The shadows are flying above the wild hills, And sparkle and murmur the clear summer rills, Where once, like the red deer, so swiftly I clomb, But I'm now a poor stranger that's far from my home!

III.

Ah! the roots of my heart from the soil have been torn, 'Tis long since a green bud of Hope they have borne; All weary I wander 'neath Heaven's wide dome, For I am a poor stranger that's far from my home!

IV.

As soft as the blossoms fall down from the tree, Come stealing those mem'ries of Eriu o'er me; And sweet as the west wind, wherever I roam, To the poor, lonely stranger that's far from his home!

MY OWN.

[FROM THE IRISH.]

I.

DY the wild beating of my heart,
IIaving no place for all its joy;
By those soft tears that wet my cheek,
Like dews from Summer sky.
By this strange rush through every vein,
This choked and trembling tone,
Sureharged with bliss it cannot tell,
I feel thou art my own.

II.

And yet it cannot still be true,

I've dreamed a thousand golden dreams,
But this is brighter, wilder far

Than even the wildest scenes.

I've dreamed of wonders, spirit climes,
Of glory and of blisses won,
But ne'er before did vision come

To say thou wert my own.

III.

My own, my own! thus gazing on,
My life-breath seems to ebb away;
And o'er and o'er, and still again
The same dear words I say:
I know, I know it must be true,
And here, with Heaven and thee alone,
I hold thee next my heart of hearts,
For thou art all my own!

THOU AND I.

Air-"THE LIVE-LONG NIGHT."

I.

THOU art the light, and I the shade; If thou fadest, I, too, fade; If thy voice be heard no more, Mine, the echo, then is o'er—Mine is mute for evermore.

II.

Thou art the star that beams on high, In the wave beneath am I; If the star away should flee, Who would then the shadow see? Where would I, thy shadow, be?

III.

Thou art the breath in which I breathe, In thy heart mine own I sheath; If thou livest, I live on, If thou goest, I am gone—
I, too, vanish, cold and wan!

O MY BIRD!

Air-" THE COULIN."

ī.

() MY bird of the white breast and soft swelling form, Thou canst not be near me amid the wild storm; Thy soft notes of music would falter and die 'Neath the darkness and cold of the sad winter sky.

II.

The bright, flutt'ring plumes thou art used to unfold, 'Mid fair, blooming flowers and warm skies of gold, Would droop by the drenching rain, shattered and torn, Though my fond, circling arms should not leave thee forlorn.

III.

The place of our rest, was it not calm and fair? And now, by the spoiler's dark hand, 'tis laid bare; No more shall we rove through the hazel-shades green, Where the strawberry buds in their beauty are seen.

IV.

Far from me thou must wander, until the mild Spring Shall sweet-smelling blossoms and gentle airs bring. Thou canst not be near me, oh, loved as thou art, Though thy nest shall be warm in the depths of my heart!

UBHAL MA SUIL.*

ī.

I saw you there with thrilling wonder—
A lovely cloud that bright above
Shone faintly in the river under.
A little mist, a shadowy veil,
Just kept my joy from wildest madness;
I knew, I knew it was not true—
Asthore machree, there still was sadness!

TT

Ubhal ma suil, yet come to me,
Oh! once again when I am sleeping,
With gentle smiles to steal away
The traces of my daily weeping.
I know no waking e'er can bring
That hour for which my heart is beating;
Then, come to me, asthore machree,
With that lone, silent, midnight greeting!

THE WEST WIND.

ī.

OH, the western wind, the soft west wind!

'Tis filled with golden showers
Of song, and mirth, and gentle tears,
And seents of Summer flowers.

'Tis thrilling as a lover's tone,
Thus whispering through the leaves—
Oh, the western wind, the soft west wind,
How low it laughs and grieves!

^{*&}quot; Apple of my eye." Pronounced, Ool-ma-hool.

II.

It tells such strange, wild mystic tales
Of all its wanderings far,
In music to the listening moon,
And every little star;
And now it breathes its loving breath
In kisses on them all.
Oh, the western wind, the soft west wind,
How sweet its murnaurs fall!

III.

I love its gentle waywardness—
'Tis like a merry child,
So happy and so elfin-like,
So sportive and so wild.
It has the magic melody
We hear on fairy hills—
Oh, the western wind, the soft west wind,
Each Irish heart it thrills!

IV.

Oh, the western wind, the soft west wind,
The breath of our dear land,
How softly, by its angel wing,
The wanderer's brow is fann'd.
It brings him back the memories
Of those he left behind,
And he murmurs low a blessing on
The darling western wind.

ALL ALONE.

ĩ

 $\mathbf{A}^{\mathbf{LL}}$ alone, we dwelt alone, in a far-off, mystical land of our . own;

Lit by the purple and gold of dreams,
Glad with the murmurs of musical streams,
Evermore chanting in silvery tone—

All alone—alone!

11.

All alone, we dwelt alone, tropical flowers around us blown.

Breathing a heavy and strange perfume,

Fainting with weight of their gorgeous bloom,

As we, with the love in our eyes that shone,

All alone—alone!

III.

All alone, we dwelt alone, tranced, and bound by a magic zone. Pouring out tears from each heart's recess,
Wrung from the trembling and wild excess
Of passion, that panted with rapturous moan,
All alone!—alone.

7 V

All alone, we dwell alone, life is chill as a cold grey stone.

Shadows are dimming the mournful sky,
Flowers of hope to the wild winds fly,
And music breathes in a minor tone,
All alone—alone!

v.

All alone, we dwell alone, glittering wrecks on the ground are strown-

Open wide through the fearful gloom, Seen anent are the gates of doom; Sun, or moon, or star is none-All alone-alone!

VI.

All alone—for ever lone—angels weep round the golden throne. Up from the fiery depths below A wild laugh rings for the mortal woe-Lost Earth-lost Heaven-like phantoms flown-All alone-alone!

THE SPIRIT'S FAREWELL.

Air .- " FLOWERS OF HOPE,"

"The spirit, fixing her eyes upon him with a mournful look, faded away -GERMAN LEGEND. by degrees."

I.

DARTED! parted! Earth or sky Hath no hope for thee or me; Love and Grief still vainly try, Strong although they be.

II.

Faint, low voices near me swell, Shadowy forms around me play; Sadly rings the boding knell, Thou must far away!

Hope not, strive not—all is o'er; Hours that flowed with breezy song, Sweet, wild throbs my life that bore Silv'ry waved along.

IV.

Halls of gladness, star-inwove, Dream-like glories wait for me; But the shade of my lost love Shall above them be.

٧.

Sooner, sooner, round my brow
Earth's most fragile flow'rs I'd see,
Than all the gems of magic glow,
Now my crown to be.

VI.

In those bowers of fadeless glow,
'Mid that music's witching spell,
I shall hear the echoes low
Of that past too well.

VII.

Parted! parted! earth or sky, Never brings that hour again. Parted! parted! thou and I— Love and grief are vain!

THE MOANING HARP.

Ï.

SAD as the night wind's sighing
Still came that strain,
Moaning and moaning ever
With sounds of pain;
And she, its skilful mistress,
Now strove in vain—
The chords that once gave music
Still wailed in pain.

п.

Ah! hush thee, helpless maiden;
List, list that tone!
For thee earth's light and gladness
For aye are gone.
For, oh, the harp is moaning
Beneath thy hand,
With the voice of one departed,
In stranger-land!

THE WIND AND THE MOON.

I.

THE night-wind sang to the queenly moon—
"I love thee! I love thee!"
Moaning words to a mystical tune.
Wild was that strain in its passionate swell,
Faintly and slowly to sobs it fell,
"I love thee! I love thee!"

II.

The bright moon heard, but the words that came,
Adoring! adoring!
Woke in her breast no answering flame.
Proudly she looks from her star-gemmed throne,
Bound by the gold of her maiden zone,
Still soaring, soaring.

ш.

Deep through the midnight the wild wind sighs,

"I love thee! I love thee!"

But the calm moon on her bright way flies,
Far from that pleading and passionate tone,
Murmuring ever, with many a moan,

"I love thee! I love thee!"

THE BIRD IN THE STORM.

ī.

THE rain was falling, the winds were calling,
The clouds swept over the sky,
When, 'mid the alarm of darkness and storm,
A shower of song gushed by:
Says the wee little bird, "'T is I!"

II.

- "Ah! is it not dreary, and are you not weary, Poor wee little bird?" I said;
- "How louely and queer you must feel out here,
 Just under the tempest dread?—
 Ah, birdie, you'll soon be dead!"

"While the storm is ringing, is my time for singing," Says the wee little bird to me;

"Though the clouds be dim, yet I warble my hymn, And I die not, though cold it be, For my name it is Hope," says she.

1 V

So the song it is gushing, and seems as if hushing The atmosphere, tempest-stirred; Softly and clear it falls on the ear,
Through clouds and through darkness heard—
The song of the sweet wee bird!

STAR SONG.

ī.

AST year, when the stars were burning,
I looked in their eyes of love,
Up with a passionate yearning
To their bright home above;
For, oh, in their golden glories,
Wondrous and dazzling there,
I read but the thousand stories
In my own heart that were.

11.

This year the same stars are burning,
But I look from their light away,
Down where to shadows turning,
Cold in the wave they play.
For, oh, these are shadows only—
Shadows that mock and flee,
Now, in this world so lonely—
Of all that was bright for me!

FANCIES.

τ.

O loud in the stillness your voice will resound,
So bright in the loneness your smile plays around!
But over that life-dream what shadow is there?
What echo of sadness my heart cannot bear?

11.

My loved one is distant, so well do I know, That voice and that smile were my own long ago; And mine they are still, in the day or the night, More hallowed and precious for seeming less bright.

III.

As faint "bells of Heaven" that will break on the ear, As dim streaks of sunshine that soothing appear, Those fancies will haunt me wherever I go, To sweeten a life full of darkness and woe!

A WORD FOR YOU.

r.

A THROB of my heart when I hear your name, A rush to my cheek of the swift blood's flame, A silent trance when you near me stay, A chill as of Death when you turn away!

ìΙ.

A gentle hope that will sometimes gleam Like the magic light of a happy dream, A dreary fear that will often weigh As the shadows close round the parting day. 111.

The stars of night or the blaze of noon, The winter's chill or the glow of June, All joy or sorrow, or hope or fear, Still find one thought that is true and dear!

IV.

Oh, the bird will fly to the greenwood tree, And the river bounds to the longing sea, And the child will cling to its mother's knee, But I have no home or no hope but thee!

SUN AND SHADE.

I.

TRANQUIL and bright as the summer's stream When lit by the noonday's golden beam, Hushed as the flowers at evening's close, Drooping low in their soft repose.

11.

Hopeful as saint at the Virgin's shrine, Looking up for her smile divine; Fearless as those to Freedom true— So is my heart when it beats near you!

III.

Helpless and cold as the bird in the nest, Unsheltered, unwarmed by its mother's breast; Trembling as one in a dream of woe, Wearily wandering to and fro. IV.

Wretched and stricken as those who die In a stranger's home 'neath a foreign sky— Knowing nor love, nor life, nor day— Thus am I when you turn away.

V.

There's many a joy and many a woe For those who walk on this earth below; But there's never a sorrow or joy for me Save those alone which may spring from thee!

THE EVENING STAR.

T.

THE evening star watched by the moon,
In a sweet trance of sad devotion;
Still fond and faithful, all alone,
Within the heaven's wide oceanAlone, untiring in her love,
She sat, while dews were round her weeping,
'Mid all the heavenly sentinels,
The only one unsleeping.

n.

Thus I will be, dear love, to thee,
When night and loneliness enfold thee;
Still whispering, low and fervently,
What in bright days I told thee.
Still gazing from my heart of hearts
On that loved face divinely beaming,
'Mid world and worldlings, all alone,
Wrapped in my golden dreaming!

LOST! LOST!

H.

A LL the summer and the bloom—
Lost! lost!
All the verdure and perfume—
Lost! lost!
Dead leaves fall from off the tree,
Hopes are withered so for me,
Green and glad no more to be—
Lost! lost!

u.

All the glory of the noon—

Lost! lost!

All the love-light of the moon—

Lost! lost!

Something from the night and day.

Spirit-like, has fled away;

Life is still and cold and grey—

Lost! lost!

III. ª

Thoughts that soared with eagle flight—
Lost! lost!
Dreams that shone with starry light—
Lost! lost!
Now my heart is haunted ground,
Shades and echoes hover round;
Sad and deep the whispered sound—
Lost! lost!

THE PAST.

ī.

THOU goest, and with thee
Each thought of my years,
This heart's deepest treasures,
Its joys and its tears!
Each flower of life's garland,
Each wave of life's stream,
All the glory and light
Of my beautiful dream.

II.

How many and strong
Are the links that have bound
Our beings together,
But now I have found;
I feel them thus quiv'ring
'Neath sorrow and fate,
But naught can dissever—
Alas, 'tis too late!

III.

'Tis sadness to love thee,
But woe to resign—
Though wild 'twere to think
Thou couldst ever be mine;
But, oh, in our meeting
Delusion would stay,
And the rude shock of parting
Now rends it away.

IV.

Our love was the purer
For standing alone,
With no stay on the cold earth,
No light but its own.
Alone it hath perished,
Untended, uncared,
And still it is blooming
Through all it hath dared!

DEAD LEAVES.

I.

DEAD leaves are sadly falling
Down from the tree of life;
With every blast they drop so fast,
And lie all rank and rife.
Upon the ground I see them,
Yellow and pale and cold—
In every one, some hope is gone,
Dead in the wintry mould.

II.

Some flutter faint and slowly,
On through the desert air,
With a mournful gleam and a lingering dream
Of summer days that were;
And some with parting fondness,
Quiver upon the bough,
And seems as though despair and woo
Their only life were now!

THE ONE SORROW.

ī.

I LOVED thee, I lost thee,
No more do I know—
I feel it, I hear it,
Wherever I go.
There's no vision before me,
No voice in mine ear,
But the blessing I dreamed of,
The curse that I bear!

II.

I loved thee, I lost thee,
Then, what can remain?
A life that is blasted
By madness and pain;
The burning, the longing,
That never can rest,
The dread of the future,
The woe of the past!

III.

I have loved thee in wrong—
Ah! no wrong could there be
So dark or so wild
But I'd brave it for thee.
No! Wrong could not part us,
Nor sorrow, nor shame;
'Twas Fate, and Fate only,
Between us that came!

1V.

I'd care not, with thee,
What misfortunes could fall
The saddest, the direst,
Oh, what were they all?
One sorrow alone
Has this heart to its core:
To love thee, to lose thee,
To see thee no more!

OH, COME TO ME.

I.

OH, come to me; asthore machree!
I love you more than my heart can tell;
I've not a thought in the night or day
But to prove to you how well.
The greenest green of the summer trees,
The sweetest strain of the wild bird's song,
The loveliest sunbeam that lights the sky,
Were welcome small for the one whom I
Have worshipped and wept so long.

1 E.

There's none I know on earth below
Could treasure and doat on my love like me,
The smiles and tears of my inmost soul
Flow on in a stream to thee.
There's hardly space in my heart's deep cell
To hold the wealth that on thee I'd pour;
And I sit entranced all the long, lone hours,
While a heaving joy swells through tearful showers,
In my fonduess for you, osthore!

Then, come to me, acushla machree!
You're left by the world to me alone,
And wild and bright is the proud delight
I feel in my durling one.
I know not how I can greet you best,
I know not how I can most adore;
But in wingéd joy still I rove along,
With a dancing step and a voice of song,
Waiting for you, asthore!

THE GOLDEN-HAIRED.

[FROM THE IRISH].

Ī.

MY golden-haired, my star of pride!
Come to thine own, thy longing bride;
Come to this heart that's beating, breaking,
Come to those eyes for ever waking;
Come! oh, come! this bursting sigh
Tells how I mourn, I faint, I die!

II.

The heavens, the earth, the night, the day Around me float and fade away, And one dark shade is ever falling, And one low voice is ever calling. Come! oh, come! I faint, I die! Dark are the hours that pass me by.

Didst thou but know the bitter woe That hath no hope or rest below—
The tempest rush, the stillness dreary, Within this soul so sad and weary:
Come! oh, come! Would I might fly Upon thy breast to weep and die!

IV.

There's not a sunbeam in the skies
But speaks of sorrow to mine eyes;
The summer breezes, softly sighing,
But breathe of sweet dreams dead or dying.
Woe! woe is me! I faint, I die—
No rest, no hope but there on high!

EVER, EVER.

١.

BY the sunlight, by the moonlight, by the starlight, all the same;

In the paleness of the winter or the summer's crimson flame,
In the music of the sweet wind, or its wailing, sad and low,
Still I gaze and still I listen, though none else may dream or
know.

II.

In the song-voice, in the speech-voice, there is but one far-off tone,

In the silence of my bosom, but one burning throb alone; But one form of shade or brightness in the mazes of my sleep, One pearl of snowy whiteness in my memory's heaving deep!

How I glory, how I sorrow, how I love with deathless love, How I weep before the chilling skies and moan to heaven above! I am higher, I am prouder than if stars were round my head! I am drooping, I am lonely as a mourner o'er the dead!

IV.

Yet I part not from my sorrow, my glory or my gloom, For the smiling of the May-time, its sunshine or its bloom, From the throb of burning quickness that is answered far away, Over mountains, over waters, in the night or in the day!

A PLEDGE.

ī.

MY love it is a draught divine,
Pure and bright as purple wine;
Foaming, sparkling, bubbling up,
From my heart's red, ruby cup,
And I pour it, wild and free,
Every day and hour for thee.

II.

See, from out mine eye it flows, Here upon my cheek it glows; From my heart, like flowers in bloom, Floats its soft and rich perfume; And I pour it, wild and free, Every day and hour for thee!

III.

Yes, I pledge thee, darling mine! This sweet draught of love divine, Pure as crystal of the moon, Burning as the torrid noon; And I pour it, wild and free, From my heart for thee!

NOW AND THEN.

τ.

THE bird of the summer was winging
Its way through the cloudless sky;
The bird of the summer was singing
When last at your side was I.

H.

The flow'r of the bower was blowing,
The green of the tree was fair;
And the tints of the sky were glowing,
While we stood in gladness there.

III.

The wind of the winter is wailing Again for that happy day;
The wind of the winter is wailing,
Now, now, you are far away.

I۷.

No flow'r in the bower is blowing, No bird is upon the bough; And no tints in the sky are glowing, For we are asunder now!

THE REED AND THE RIVER.

ī.

THOU art winding on thy way
Like the bright and laughing river,
While above the night and day,
A trembling reed, I moan and shiver—
There, with many a plaintive quiver,
All alone! all alone!
I call in many a plaintive tone,
Bending o'er the river.

II.

With a lightsome voice of song
Far away the wave is flying,
Dancing in its mirth along,
While the lonely reed is sighing,
In the dreary darkness lying—
All alone! all alone!
Breathing many a plaintive moan,
Sad and pale and dying.

III.

Ah, this weary watch of pain!
In its mournful love unsleeping—
Faintly comes that voice again,
Through the lonely midnight creeping,
With a sound of hushéd weeping—
"All alone! all alone!"
Calling low with many a moan,
That cold vigil keeping!

WITHOUT THEE.

I.

The tree without the summer sun,
The tree without its bloom,
The mournful sky at midnight hour,
Its glories wrapped in gloom;

11.

The tuneful lyre that silent lies,
The tendril fallen away,
Neglected—trailing on the ground,
Without its parent stay;

111.

The nest within the leafy bough From which the bird has fled, The vacant chair that lately held The unforgotten dead—

1V.

So dark, so cold, so desolate

This heart must ever be,
So worthless, mournful and mute,
When I am far from thee.

A LONGING.

١.

OME back to me, dearest! I feel, without you,
As the tree without greenness, the sky without blue,
A bird with a broken wing chilled by the blast,
A lyre which the storm-voice hath rent as it passed.

II.

Most lonely and stricken of all on the earth, Alone in my sorrow, 'mid lightness and mirth; No sunlight, no moonlight, no starlight for me, Since the dark, dreary hour I was parted from thee!

III.

The spell passed from music and left it a wail, The glow of the noonday turned heavy and pale; The smile of kind faces grew sickly and cold, Their soft words were chill as the blast on the wold.

1V.

There's laughter and pleasure—but you are not by, I see but dim shadows—I hear but a sigh.

Oh, sad are the hours and the scenes I have known,
Through all the long years I have wandered alone!

٧.

Your voice was an angel's to soothe and to cheer: I'd list it for ever, nor, weary to hear; As soft as the whisper of ripe waving corn, As glad to my heart as the lark's to the morn.

VI.

My dove!—this fond heart was your ark and your home, Oh, come with the green-waving bough to me—come! Sweet is the calm that will reign in my breast When you are beside me, O truest and best!

THE PATH ACROSS THE SEA.

Í.

MY love, my hope, my longing,
Make a path across the sea:
I can reach thee, I can clasp thee,
Although parted we may be.
Naught can come between us, dearest—
Naught can hold thee back from me!

11.

The airy space around me
Is but a canvas fair,
On which thy face is painted
In colors soft and rare—
Through sunlight, gold and azure,
I see thee everywhere!

111.

How oft my feet have trodden
That pathway o'er the sea,
Which from out my heart I builded
To bear me home to thee—
Which I builded with my longing
And my Love and Faith to thee!

THE BOOMERANG.*

AN AUSTRALIAN LOVE SONG.

I.

DY Fate's strong hand I ain hurled away
To the distance, blue and dim,
From the love and light of thy face to-day
To the far horizon's rim.
I go, I go, since it must be so—
('Twas thus he softly sang)—
I go, my dear, but, oh, never fear,
I'll come back like the boomerang!
Come back to you, still as sure and true—
As true as the boomerang!

II.

I go from the soft, bright southern skies,
I go from the summer day
That faints in sweet, voluptuous sighs,
In perfume and light away;
I go, I go, to the ice and snow,
Where the cruel north winds clang;
But I'll come back, on the homeward track—
Come back like the boomerang!
Yes, seek your feet, as true and fleet—
As true as the boomerang!

^{*}The boomerang is an Australian aboriginal weapon; when flung by a skilful hand, it is sure to return to the very spot from whence it was sent

I listed the bell-bird piping clear
In the heart of the fragrant shade,
Where you and I, in those days so dear,
Together have fondly strayed.

"Oh, my love and dear!" thus, so sweet and clear.
His notes through the forest rang,

"Though you part to-day, yet he'll cleave his way, Back, back like the boomerang!

Yes, he'll come to you, as sure and true—As true as the boomerang!"

HEART THOUGHTS.

I.

THOUGH my heart brims with love as the blossom with dew. Yet I seek in its depths still more fondness for you; Still longing, still longing to love and adore, More wildly than mortal e'er dreamed of before!

II.

One thought and one throb, in the day or the night, One hot-fevered hope, far too keen for delight, One image to haunt me—one voice to enthrall—So slowly, so sadly the lonely hours fall!

III.

I love you, I love you! but never can tell, By aught I could do, how intensely and well. To live for you, die for you, never can prove The fervor, the madness, the strength of that love!

REMEMBRANCE.

I.

HOW my heart aches for you!
How my heart breaks for you,
All the day, all the night, all the year through!
Ah! though I'd sigh for you,
Ev'n till I die for you,
Never a meeting may come for us two.

II.

How my heart craves for you!

How my heart raves for you!

Haunted by thoughts that for ever will cling.

Ah! but no gleam of you,

Only this dream of you,

Daylight, or midnight, or twilight will bring!

III.

Ah! for the vanished years

Seen through my blinding tears,

Down the black river of life as I go—

Drifting all wearily,

Onward so drearily,

While the rain falls and the wild tempests blow.

IV.

Burning with love for you,
Looking above for you,
Filled with this longing and sorrow and pain!
Ah! though I'd sigh for you,
Ev'n till I die for you,
Never on earth shall we two meet again!

"A ROGUE IN HIS COAT."

Air -" I AM THE BOY FOR BEWITCHING THEM "

т

THESE girls! sure you don't care a straw for them;
How can you help if they teaze you?
You've not the taste of a gra for them—
Not one amongst them would please you.

II.

Oh, but I'm not all so green, indeed!
Though you were ten times as wily;
With my own eyes I have seen, indeed,
All you were doing so slily.

III.

Say, if you like, you're not heeding 'em, Sorra one bit I believe you! Out of their minds you are leading 'em— With your deluding, you thief you!

IV.

Looking as mild as a sucking-dove,
Still you can throw round those glances,
As if us all you were mocking of,
While you were making advances.

v.

Why are you singing such songs to them?
Why are you talking so neatly?
Spoiling what sense that belongs to them—
Creatures that listen so sweetly.

VI.

Why do you take such dead aim at them, Slily beneath the dark cover Of your bright eyes, with such flame in them? Shooting the innocent ployer!

VII.

Oh, you could wheedle and coax them all,
Were there ten dozen and over;
Cleverly, sure, you can hoax them all—
Each one believes you her lover!

VIII.

All the hair-locks I have caught with you— Auburn, raven and yellow— Round half the globe you have brought with yon, Nasty, deluding old fellow!

IX.

Never a chain they have spun for you— Catch the wild horse with a halter! 'Deed it has only made fun for you, Just but to think of the altar.

X.

Oh, you're the boy for bewitehing them!
Setting them mad, fair and squarely,
With all the nonsense you're teaching them.
Rogue that you are, late and early!

AS THE WILD BIRD.

Air-"'TIS A PITY I DON'T SEE MY LOVE."

Ι.

A S the wild bird sings to the morn,
Oh, thus I'll sing to you—
As the wild bird sings to the morn,
Up from the shining dew.
Nearer—nearer, still
To Heaven and joy above,
Nearer—dreamingly, gleamingly,
Soaring in song and love!

TT.

Oh, to tell all my joy to you,
As song alone can tell,
All my love, so fond and true,
In one exulting swell!
Glorious were my strain
The night and morning long—
Glorious—bounding on, sounding on,
Thus were my heart's wild song!

YOURSELF.

[RUSTIO SONG.]

I.

I'll Syourself! 'tis yourself! sure that's all I know of you;

Little I mind all the faults they can show of you;

Seen in you,

Great or few,

They're of Love's own dear hue,

For you are yourself, and no more will I know of you!

II.

You're my love, you're my love: can they make you be less to me?

Change there is not in your tender caress to me.

While I know This is so.

Welcome be joy or woe:

- You're my love, and they never can make you be less to me!

III.

Could they think, could they think that their art could estrange me, now?

Deeper my fondness, and harder to change me, now-

Everyone Left you lone,

But I am still your own.

Deeper my fondness, and harder to change me now!





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